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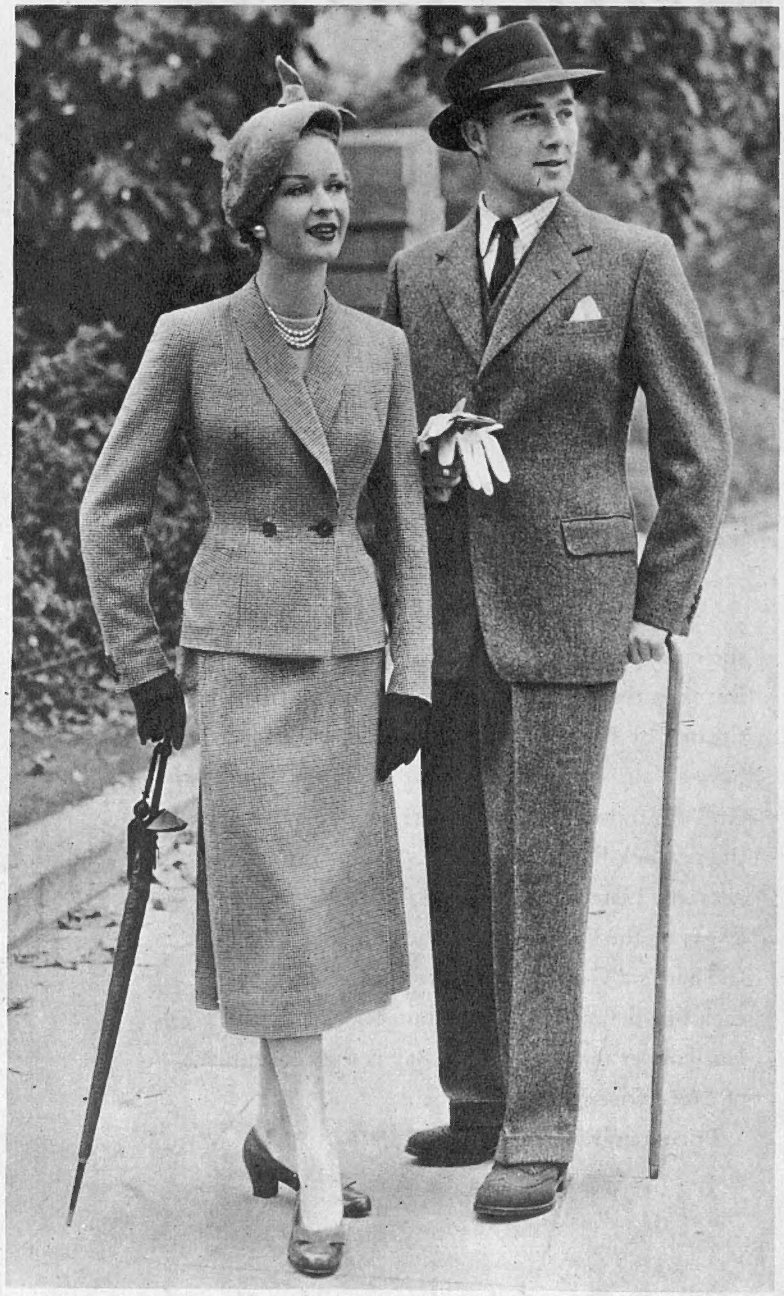

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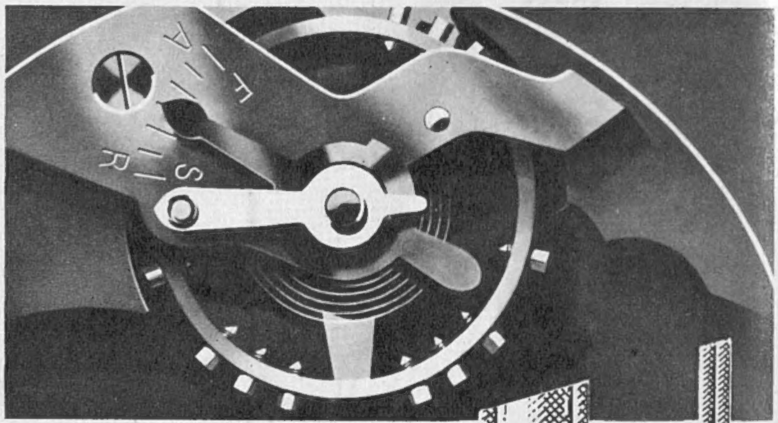

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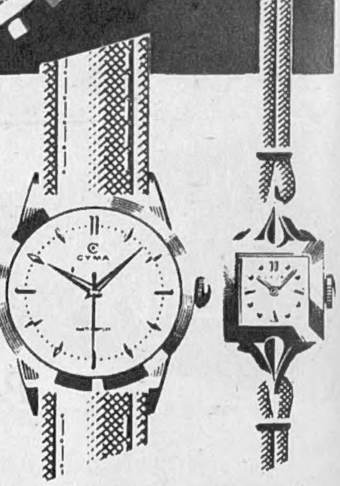

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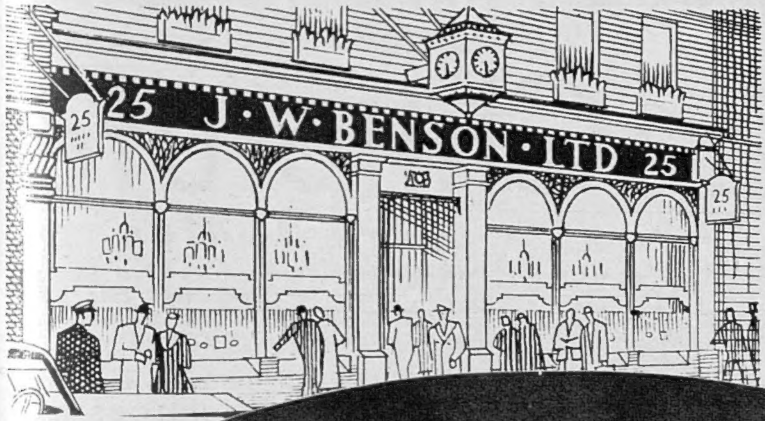


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ANOTHER OF NESTLÉ'S GOOD THINGS

The Sketch

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1954.

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OFFICIAL
BIRTHDAY PORTRAIT

MR. GRAHAM SUTHERLAND's portrait of Sir Winston Churchill, commissioned by past and present members of both Houses of Parliament in honour of Sir Winston's eightieth birthday yesterday, November 30th. It was arranged that the portrait, which took two months to paint, should be presented by the Right Hon. Mr. Clement Attlee, Leader of Her Majesty's loyal Opposition.

*(The Copyright of this Portrait is retained by the Owner.)*

## Our Motley Notes

# Tribute to a Great Statesman

By TOBY O'BRIEN

ON the day on which I write this tribute to Sir Winston Churchill I happened to go and listen to my old friend Lord David Cecil speaking at one of the excellent lunch-time meetings of the Conservative Political Centre. I am not, myself, normally one for "fork luncheon" occasions. Nevertheless, these meetings, which are held at the Overseas League, have a distinction all their own which outweighs the discomforts of this form of gastronomic quiddity.

On this occasion David Cecil was speaking most charmingly and eloquently about the writing of his book, *Lord M.*, the life of Lord Melbourne—that great Whig. Referring to an earlier book of his about the same figure, he mentioned that Sir Winston Churchill had complained of his description of Lady Caroline Lamb as being "an electric personality." Sir Winston took the view that this was an anachronism, as, of course, Mr. Faraday's waves had not, at the time of Lady Caroline Lamb's somewhat exciting activities in London society, been discovered. David had been a little surprised at first by this particular form of criticism. Later, however, he reminded himself that for a large part of the lifetime of Sir Winston, electricity in almost any form, even that of lighting, was an extreme novelty. This is the measure of the span covered by the life of the great man whose eightieth birthday we now celebrate.

The changes which have taken place during his lifetime are almost as incredible as the achievements and the varied activities of Sir Winston himself. When Sir Winston first went to the wars—and it is salutary for some of his critics to remember that when the last war broke out, he had more campaign medals than any general on either side in the conflict—the horse was supreme and the *arme blanche* was thought to be the final and decisive factor in warfare: just as we were brought up to believe between the wars that "the bayonet or the threat of the bayonet" was the ultimate objective of infantry warfare.

Sir Winston, to our gain, though not to his delight, has lived on into the era of the hydrogen bomb. It is a fantastic bridge of time and the times. Nineteenth-century Blenheim, where he was so unexpectedly born, and present-day Downing Street, with its "scrambler" telephones connecting it with the uttermost ends of the difficult, hurrying, dangerous, restless world of to-day, could not really be further apart both in tempo and temperament.

I FIRST met Sir Winston in about 1929. He came down to speak at the Oxford Union—an organisation in which I had at that moment achieved minor office. The Conservatives had just gone out of power, and Sir Winston had just started (though we did not know it) the long period of being out of office which was only to end with World War II. He made a speech on that occasion which quickened the pulses of others besides the writer of these notes. I cannot for the life of me remember the subject. I can, alas! remember no single phrase. I can only remember the feeling of exciting greatness which the speaker conveyed. When the following morning, at an unearthly hour, we were all photographed in the Dean's gardens at the House—he had been spending the night with his old

**TO SIR WINSTON S. CHURCHILL ON THE OCCASION OF HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY**

*Titan 'midst minnows in our foremost ranks,*
*Most famed descendant of a famous breed,*
*Ever the Empire gives you heartfelt thanks*
*For rallying courage in our time of need.*
*'Tis said, 'When comes the hour then comes the man';*
*To be that man you more than once have proved.*
*Now, at your tenth year past the allotted span,*
*You stand—some chicken! honoured and beloved.*
*For further years the Nation's prayer is that*
*You may be with us still. Long may we see*
*The "Victory" sign—the big cigar—the hat;*
*Yet with one thing we know you will agree—*
*That, as fame's aid, in all the ways that matter,*
*You owe far more to Hozier than to hatter!*

C. T.

friend Professor Lindemann—he added the qualities of an amused and amusing benevolence. Anyone who can exhibit them at an early breakfast time on a raw November morning in Oxford has, if one may indulge in litotes, a certain element of greatness! As I say, one could not know on that miserable November morning that Sir Winston would be out of office, and almost out of the public imagination, for the next ten years.

I can remember most vividly in the early part of 1939 looking out of the window of my then house on to gardens where the spikes of the first bulbs were competing most unsuccessfully with the snow flurries, and listening with due attention to one of the better-known figures about the *coulisses* of politics. Said Sir Arthur Tadpole (or it may well have been Sir Charles Taper): "Winston is finished." Happily for this country, though his periods of eclipse must have seemed to him to have been almost total, this has never been true, and is not true to-day. Since childhood (and the arrival of what he described in capital letters as THE GOVERNESS, when "like other oppressed peoples, I took to the woods"), Sir Winston has been a problem. He remains no less of a problem to-day—especially to your correspondent who, when so many millions of words have been written about him, must endeavour to compress so much greatness into so small a space. The final word on Sir Winston cannot now be said—indeed, I doubt if it can ever be said.

One of his oldest friends and closest collaborators during the last war has written for posterity his own considered views based on a friendship of some thirty years, and a day-by-day observation during five concentrated ones. They will not appear for at least another forty years. The writer, a most shrewd and perceptive man, was complaining to me the other day that what he had recorded for the future interest of our sons and grandsons oppressed him with a feeling that he had only touched the fringe of the subject throughout his analysis, which he claims to be adequately penetrating of Sir Winston's character, he was, nevertheless, highly conscious of the fact that of necessity through sheer inability to cover every aspect of this amazing man's life, he had left great gaps in his narrative. Indeed, to deal adequately with Sir Winston in all the facets of his life, his temperament, and his achievement, would require—another Winston.

THE most successful, indeed the only really satisfactory way of dealing with Sir Winston has been in those symposia in which each individual writer deals with one individual aspect of Sir Winston. Where do you start and where do you end?

Is one to think of him as a statesman? There are the archives of almost every big department of State to be considered, and the memories of the thousands of Civil Servants who came in touch with him during the last half-century.

Is one to consider him as a soldier? The tale there runs from a slim, red-headed, unpopular young subaltern, taking part with great gallantry in North-West Frontier skirmishes at the turn of the century, to a figure in a panama hat insisting on going to the most forward positions in Italy in the last war, and remarking respectively as shells and small-arms fire passed him: "Ha! Cannon." And again: "Ha! Musketry."

Is one to regard him as a journalist? One must observe this prolific and wonderful writer, whose experience ranges from the Malakand Field Force and those brilliant despatches from South Africa to our most modern times, when his lightest word is golden.

Is one to think of him as a historian? Then there is the author of *Marlborough* and the two greatest books on two great conflicts probably ever written.

There was an eighteenth-century Bishop of Norwich of whom it was said: "Whatsoever he toucheth, he either findeth it imperfect or maketh it so." Almost the only rôle for which I should not cast the Prime Minister is that of a bishop, and certainly he and that eighteenth-century pillar of the Church of England could scarcely have had less in common. The list of his perfections, the list of the branches of human activity in which he has made himself a master is almost unending.

Not, of course, that there are not flaws. He is cast from such a gigantic mould that his faults are on the same scale as his virtues. He sometimes plays, for example, the attitude of a great eighteenth-century Whig aristocrat towards his staff. He can be capable of great generosity, and at the same time considerable thoughtlessness. The Persians have always woven their finest carpets with a single deliberate flaw, for only Allah can have the attributes of perfection, and to mention Sir Winston's faults, so well known to his closest and most loving friends, is only to emphasise by comparison the magnitude of his virtues.

A BIRTHDAY GIFT: When Sir Winston Churchill and Dimitrie Berea, the artist, met in Venice in 1950, they were able to spend some time discussing painters' "shop." Their meeting found its commemoration in the presentation to Sir Winston, on November 24th, of Berea's painting of *The Houses of Parliament at Night* as a birthday gift, by the Anglo-Rumanian Refugee Committee and the Church Council of the Rumanian Orthodox Church in London.

HOW sad it is that he has no Boswell! In the years to come it will be virtually impossible to recapture the wonder and delight invoked by the unrecorded Churchilliana, or the gusto and impishness with which they were delivered. Our grandchildren will have the record of his great speeches and of his famous writings from which to conjure up a picture of what Sir Winston must have been like. They can never do more than receive a hint of those pre-war dissertations at Pratt's, for example, or the Churchilliana directed at moist Chiefs of Staff damply observing their pink Prime Minister through the steam of his bathroom. Sir Winston at the dinner-table is yet another addition to the twenty or thirty other Winstons with which the world is familiar.

I am indebted to my friend Colin Coote, for so many years a personal friend of the Prime Minister, for a quotation which comes as near as anything to fitting the occasion:—

*To suffer ills which hope thinks infinite;*
*To forgive wrongs, blacker than death or night;*
*To defy power which seems omnipotent;*
*To love and bear; to hope, till hope creates*
*Of its own self the thing it contemplates.*
*Never to change, nor falter, nor repent;*
*This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be*
*Great, good, and joyous; beautiful and free*
*This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory.*

Curious that it should have been Shelley, who would have hated everything that Sir Winston is, or stands for, who should unconsciously, 150 years before, have provided the perfect tribute to the greatest man of our time.

## "SKETCH" PHOTO-CALL

**1.** A spell for Christmas. Gillian Holroyd (Lilli Palmer ; *centre*), her brother Nicky (David Evans), and her aunt (Athene Seyler), two witches and a warlock, try out a new piece of magic. Gillian and her aunt live in two flats of her house in Knightsbridge. Sandwiched in the flat between is a personable publisher whom Gillian finds attractive, especially when she hears that he is engaged to a girl whom she used to dislike at school.

An amateur Warlock : David Evans.

An amateur Witch : Athene Seyler.

An amateur Witch-hunter : Wilfrid Lawson.

**2.** Introducing Pyewacket. Bee-keepers tell things to bees ; Gillian talks to Pyewacket, her familiar. The result is one publisher, hopelessly in love.

# "BELL, BOOK, and CANDLE"

JOHN VAN DRUTEN'S comedy is at the Phœnix Theatre in a production by Rex Harrison and with settings by Alan Tagg. The two leading rôles are played by Mr. Harrison and his wife, Lilli Palmer. This is essentially the production that ran so successfully in New York ; may it do the same in London.

The author's trick in this piece is to describe a situation that does exist and is not funny by means of people who do not, and are. When one character says, "They have their regular hang-outs—cafés, bars, restaurants. Did you ever hear of a night-club called . . . ?", and another confesses, "There 's something I have to tell you. I 'm one of them," while a third threatens blackmail, this might be dialogue from a problem play about any of London's undergrounds and the Lord Chamberlain might refuse it a licence. But Mr. van Druten's characters are witches, so the situation is funny, and nobody feels inclined to treat the play as something dangerously near a rather uncomfortable satire.

*Photographs by Angus McBean.*

**3.** Bewitched, bothered and bewildered. The publisher, Tony Henderson (Rex Harrison), has forgotten his *fiancée* in a sweet surrender to Miss Holroyd's magic.

4. Sidney Redlitch (Wilfrid Lawson) is an Authority on Magic. An extremely gullible character, Mr. Redlitch has already produced a book on the Magic of Africa, and is about to produce another on the Magic of Knightsbridge. Already he seems inclined to suspect Tony of belonging to the Witch Underground.

5. Gillian, finding herself in love with Tony, has given up witchery. In order to prevent Nicky from blackmailing her, she decides to confess to Tony about her past. When, eventually, he believes her, he is furious about the spell she has put on him.

6. Nicky breaks the news that Tony has gone to Gillian's rival, Mrs. de Paz, a messy old woman in Ealing, to ask her to remove the spell.

7. Wi ches cannot cry. But here are tears. By these Gillian knows that she is truly in love and that she has lost her magic powers.

8. Waiting for Tony. Gillian, all forlorn, is a witch no longer. She has quarrelled with her brother, and her lover has left her. But this is a comedy, after all, and so it all ends happily with a general reconciliation on a live-and-let-live basis.

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE: "THE MATCHMAKER"

Strictly Biographical : 20.

By Louis T. Stanley

# Lady Churchill

LADY CHURCHILL is a remarkable woman endowed with rare genius, a genius of temper in the sense in which we speak of steel having a fine temper. She has the quiet profundity of a deep well of water. In conversation with her, everything becomes exciting. She makes thoughts fly to and fro more quickly. She has a swift and flashing sympathy. Her luminous mind lightens and heightens all subjects. Equally stimulating as talker and listener, she encourages the conversation of her friends. Such reactions are as natural to her as the perfume is to a flower and yet they are the result of thought as well as of instinct. An astute brain lies behind the striking, slightly irregular face of this tall, handsome woman of sixty-nine with kind grey eyes and white hair. She is a shrewd judge of people, and adept in all the arts of feminine manœuvre in the political field.

Such acumen is an invaluable asset for the hostess of Number 10 Downing Street, probably the most famous house in the world . . . the house with a dual personality. Since 1735 it has been, though spasmodically, the domicile of the Prime Minister, and with each successive Premier it has housed two personalities at one and the same time . . . the man in his Cabinet and the man in his home. An instance of this is recorded by Lady Hester Stanhope, who acted as housekeeper for her uncle, the Younger Pitt. She describes how the home face, smeared with cork for a game with the children, was changed to the official face, washed and tidy, for a visiting Minister. The fact that Number 10 is a home as well as an official residence adds a domesticated human touch that the public is quick to appreciate, and Lady Churchill is now the visible link between these two worlds.

No biographical study of her life is possible without viewing it side by side with the career of the man she married forty-six years ago and to whose welfare she has devoted her energies ever since. It has been no light responsibility. In this hour of the Premier's eventide fame, we are apt to forget the struggle that went before. It has been one long fight. During the last war all three political parties accepted him unanimously as His Majesty's First Minister, yet it took him forty years to realise his ambition, whilst at times he has been mistrusted by each political party. Three times he has seen his political career lie in ruins, yet three times has he made a successful come-back. In the days of the Lloyd George Budget and the House of Lords Reform, he was virtually ostracized, yet in 1940 he was hailed as the one man supremely equipped to command the battle. To-day, Prime Minister for the second time, he stands with the mantle of fifty years of Parliamentary experience round his shoulders, a fierce, virile figure finally assured of the lasting respect and affection of the democratic world.

Now it is one thing to pay the deference due to an Elder Statesman. It is entirely another matter to live with one for nearly fifty years. That Lady Churchill has more than succeeded in her task is reflected by her husband's devotion, whilst she in turn might be described as the most wonderful wife who has ever comforted and supported a man of genius. At times it must have been like living with a volcano, for Churchill is a man of many facets. On occasions he is preoccupied and moody, at others aggressive and tactless. He has a habit of bruising sensibilities without being aware that he has done so. Moments have probably arisen when Lady Churchill has had occasion to recall the lines written by H. G. Wells : "*There are times when the evil spirit comes upon him and I think of him as a very intractable, a very mischievous, dangerous little boy, a knee-worthy little boy. Only thinking of him in that way can I go on liking him.*" But, immediately to offset such irritating traits, must be set Churchill's complete freedom from malice, and those spontaneous, warm-hearted emotional acts of generosity that win the heart of friend and opponent.

I wonder what Clementine Hozier's reactions would have been as a young girl had she caught a glimpse in a crystal of the years ahead. She was just twenty-three when they first met. By her photographs, she was more than charming, with large, expressive eyes set in a sweet oval face. Her hair parted in the middle accentuated finely chiselled classic features. There was no questioning the natural beauty of this daughter of the late Colonel H. M. Hozier and Lady Blanche Hozier ; moreover she was intelligent, full of vitality, and interested in politics with a strong Liberal flavour. That initial meeting with Churchill occurred during his 1908 election campaign in Dundee. It was not long before he proposed. The news was approved by his American mother, whilst there was no hesitation on the part of the girl's parent. Churchill was a brilliant catch. He was the grandson of a Duke of Marlborough, son of Lord Randolph Churchill, a national figure in his own rights through his Boer War exploits, and, at thirty-four, President of the Board of Trade. In a letter to Wilfrid Blunt, his future mother-in-law wrote, "*He is gentle and tender, affectionate to those he loves, much hated by those who have not come under his personal charm.*"

They were married in St. Margaret's, Westminster, on September 8th the same year. It was the society wedding of the season. Lord Hugh Cecil, a staunch Tory, was the best man. Balfour, and both Chamberlains, his three most bitter opponents, sent wedding presents. The church was packed. It is interesting to note what Wilfrid Blunt recorded in his diary : "*The bride was pale, as was the bridegroom. He has gained in appearance since I saw him last, and has a powerful if ugly face. Winston's responses were clearly made in a pleasant voice, Clementine's inaudible.*" I also came across an entry in Mrs. Sidney Webb's diary when she approvingly wrote : "*On Sunday we lunched with Winston Churchill and his bride—a charming lady, well-bred and pretty, and earnest withal—but not rich, by no means a good match, which is to Winston's credit.*"

The young bride must have had more than her share of early worries, for not only had she to minister to her husband's needs, but she had to cope with Conservative social ostracism. Fortunately she possessed such strong Liberal views that Tory wrath was accepted almost as a compliment. Blenheim was virtually the only Tory house that welcomed them. This bitter opposition brought out all the Churchillian fighting spirit, but at the same time it hurt. He once complained, "*I have never joined an intrigue. Everything that I have got I have fought for. And yet I have been more hated than anybody.*" I think it is true to say that he has been genuinely astonished by the animosity he has stirred. And it was to this bewilderment that his wife had to apply sympathetic understanding. But in many ways there were compensations. It meant that they seldom moved in social circles, a form of relaxation that has never appealed to Churchill. Instead they were content with their small group of intimate friends. They became dependent on their own resources. That, more than anything, ensured a sound foundation for their marriage. And to-day, almost half-a-century later, I can do no better than voice the Prime Minister's own tribute to his wife . . . "*we were married in* 1908 *and lived happy ever after.*"

Photograph by Vivienne.

THE WIFE OF A GREAT STATESMAN: LADY CHURCHILL.

THE KINEMINS, AN AMAZING GROUP OF ELECTRONIC FIGURES, MAKE THEIR BOW ON THE SCREEN IN

# Hansel and Gretel

" *Nibbling, nibbling, crunching, Who on my house is munching?* "
Rosina Rubylips, the witch.

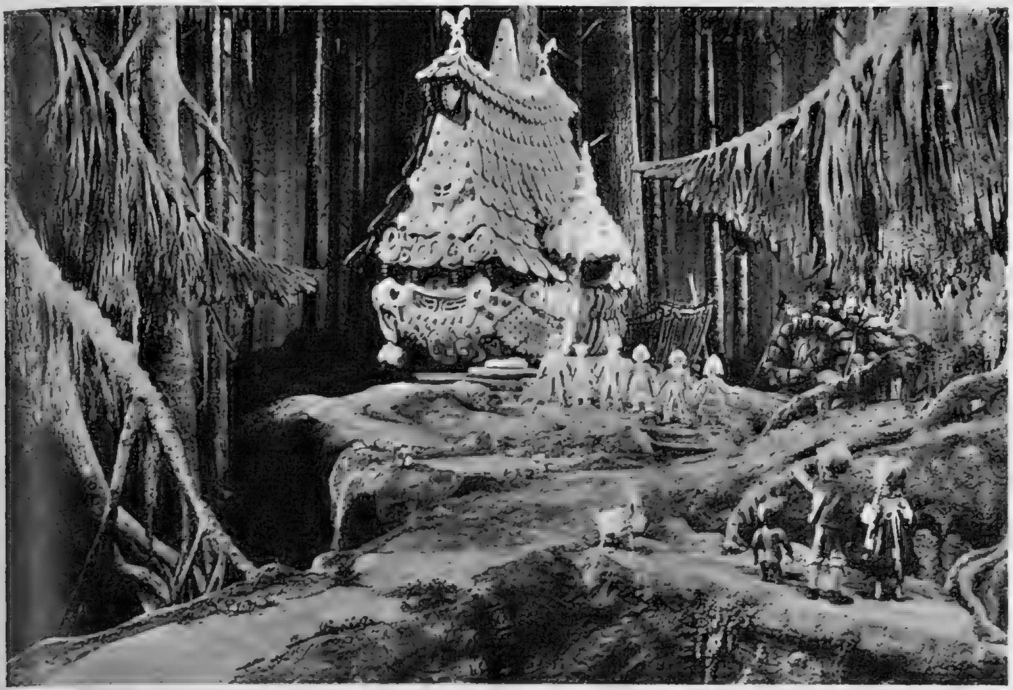
THERE have always been people to say that actors should be automatons—beings without personality, who do exactly what they are told by a skilful director. Now, in the Michael Myerberg Production of Humperdinck's opera *Hansel and Gretel*, which will be shown at the Tivoli Cinema from the middle of this month, we find that the idea begins to become fact. The cast of *Hansel and Gretel* are *kinemins*, figures about one-third of life-size, installed with intricate armatures, moulded in anatomical detail, their flesh compounded of a secret mixture. They move on a magnetised stage, and each has, for close-ups, an extra head, electronically-controlled, capable (we are told) of some 800,000 different shades of expression. *Kinemins* have taken fifteen years of research to produce; prominent in their production has been Peter Ianuzzi, a former chie engineer for Sperry Gyroscope.

At present the voices of the *kinemins* ar human and are "dubbed"; Anna Russell sing Rosina Rubylips, the witch; Constance Brighan doubles Hansel and Gretel; Mildred Dunnoc and Frank Rogier (once of Glyndebourne) ar the woodcutter and his wife. But this, we fee can only be temporary. Soon we may expect th *kinemins* to have voices of their own. Let the creators beware lest a time should come whe *kinemins* take over the world.

Lost in the forest, Hansel and Gretel kneel and pray before settling to sleep. During the night, angels watch over them.

The woodcutter and his wife search for their children in the forest.

The wicked witch watches Hansel and Gretel enter her domain.



A first sight of the wonderful house. It is made of cakes, marzipan and sugar-icing, but why do Hansel and Gretel not take warning from the gingerbread figures in front ?

The Sandman meets Hansel and Gretel in the forest ; he calms their fears and puts them to sleep.

Hansel is caught and tied up with magic rope.

Gretel is already fat enough for eating, but Hansel is caged so that the witch may feed him up.

The witch casts a spell over Gretel.

Even the chairs in the woodcutter's cottage come to life and dance.

A family group of the woodcutter's family, taken in their charming country home.

*OUR BOOKSHELF*

# A Long Novel for the Winter

*THE FLOWER GIRLS*
*by Clemence Dane*
*(Michael Joseph ; 21s.)*

Reviewed by
G. B. STERN

CLEMENCE DANE'S long novel *The Flower Girls* is reviewed on this page. This book, which took her seven years to write, is the latest of a succession that began with *Regiment of Women* in 1917. Our picture shows Miss Dane engaged in the pursuit of still another of the arts. Her paintings of her friends are known to a wide circle ; her portrait of Noël Coward was, in fact, published as a frontispiece to the *Noël Coward Song-Book*.

"THE FLOWER GIRLS" is the saga of an English theatrical family, successor to *Broome Stages*, and once more conceived by Miss Clemence Dane on a grand scale and in her most evocative grand manner ; which should not for one moment carry a suggestion of intolerable pomposity, but rather of her joyous confidence, her wisdom bounteously bestowed, her generous-minded consent to life as it comes along.

For austerity is not always desirable, though perhaps the tendency nowadays is to laud that quality beyond its merits ; austerity can be a disappointment, for instance, where apple-trees are in blossom or raspberry canes in fruit. Nevertheless, authors must face it that a novel of 689 pages—(which the publisher courageously claims as an advantage, not a liability)—does demand a sustained effort from the reader ; or call it a sustained collaboration, a slight exercise of will-power to commence afresh each time the book that has been perforce laid aside. The note of triumph when eventually we announce : "I 've finished it !" may sound unflattering, but in reality proceeds only from our subconscious, haunted by an idea that no enterprise on which we choose to embark nowadays will survive hazard and interruption. Novelists of a more leisurely period published their works in numbers or in three volumes ; later the fashion returned for very long novels like *Gone With the Wind* or *Anthony Adverse*—an ominous note in both titles. But it was useless to pretend that reading is not affected by the impatience, the nervous fret, the dust and disintegration of the nineteen-fifties : the mood of to-day is ephemeral.

Miss Dane has the intrepidity, however, to defy the mood of to-day. Where she reaps, she reaps like Ceres. Yet there is one hard line of discipline to which she rigidly adheres : the story of the Flower Girls reaches us via Jacy, a young American belonging on his father's side to the famous Floristers of Covent Garden ; after his mother's death, he comes over for the first time to seek out his kindred. And not once does Miss Dane allow anything to transpire in speech or description or viewpoint which could not have been seen, spoken, heard or thought by Jacy himself. True, she contrives ingeniously within these bounds that he should go everywhere, see everything and everybody, and rarely have the misfortune to happen across a reticent person ; effecting a magnificent coverage of time and space, of myth and period, of legend-history, regional geography and architecture, all bearing witness to the variety of her appreciations, though somewhat out of favour with a school of literary criticism who commend a barebone style as the only virtue in fiction, and a skeleton as the safest inhabitant of a writer's cupboard. She sets before us a dainty dish of 420 uninhibited blackbirds bursting from a pie, and trusts we have banqueting appetites.

From the first, we are made fully aware that Jacy will ultimately succeed Paxton as head of the family, accept full responsibility, throw on the mantle of Elijah ; his mental to-and-fro-ing, therefore, is less interesting than the author's more wayward digressions, which do not waste our time but enrich it : money in the bank. All the same, there has to be a conveyancer, a stand-in for the author, unless, as in *David Copperfield*, the author stands in for himself. Mr. Somerset Maugham has recently remarked in an essay on *The Art of Fiction*, that to tell a story in the first person has certain advantages—"*it lends verisimilitude to the narrative and obliges the author to stick to his point.*" The device here adopted by Miss Clemence Dane is a compromise between the first person singular and the method of omniscience ; she concentrates on a single character, and "*since the character is fallible the omniscience is not complete.*" As her stand-in, Jacy does admirably ; a typical young American of modern times, shrewd in business, but toppling always a little too far on the side of romantic illusion in summing up the members of his family. Until by bitter correction, he learns.

For the third time quoting Mr. Somerset Maugham : "*The novelist is at the mercy of his bias*". . . . but as in the *Forsyte Saga* Galsworthy intended Irene to conquer all hearts and our perverse preference glances aside and fixes on Soames, so in *The Flower Girls* my personal choice passes over Paxton, the surviving head of the family, and (Miss Dane will forgive me) settles for Ernest, Jacy's father, the most lovable Florister of them all ; throughout the book, the relationship between father and son is beautifully, delicately contrived ; and when the exigencies of the theme decree, near the end, that Pax must die, again Miss Dane will forgive my sigh of relief that it need not have been Ernest. It is a curious thing (still remembering the accident which befell Mr. Galsworthy's intentions) that still and always there seems to remain an impulse of creation beyond an author's control, a super-arithmetic beyond their adding-up.

After Ernest, I should be inclined to set high up in order of attraction, the flower-girls themselves, Jacy's three Edwardian aunts, Lily, May and Myrtle. When they assemble their men-folk for a family row (rhyming with cow, not with flow) the clash and conflict of wills is neither tragic nor impressive but a robust comedy, where everyone should get hurt, and nobody is.

—Except Doff. Among the younger generation, Doff stands apart, vulnerable, shrill, pathetic, absurd ; the eternal victim to be found in a famous family, unable either to accept his own mediocrity nor escape from it ; just as Sir Julius Florister, cruel parent who refuses to acknowledge him, is the inevitable tyrant. Sir Julius—"*I 'm an old, old, very old man ; I 'm the oldest man in the world*"—has an Ego to end all lesser egos. The scene of his introduction to Jacy, where he displays on the walls of his bedroom a private portrait-gallery of Julius Florister painted in all the different parts of his career, implies a self-preoccupation so stupendous as to transcend every adjective except hellish.

We shall remember *The Flower Girls* as a Grand Christmas Pantomime, complete with Principal Boy and Girl, Transformation Scenes galore, and a Harlequinade in the *Commedia dell'Arte* tradition, with Pierrot bereft of his Columbine, standing desolate in the wind and moonshine of an empty street, gazing through the window of her empty house. . . . Or was it empty ?

And though we may be understating the case when, reaching the last chapter and the last line, we murmur, "It 's a nice long book, isn't it ?", it would still be no more than truth to add that we were sorry because now we had "nothing to read" ; though not going quite so far as to declare in the way reviewers occasionally aim to please, that when I reached the end I turned back to the beginning and re-read it from cover to cover.

# PORTRAIT PAINTERS' EXHIBITION

**Mrs. Tom Metcalf.** An outstanding portrait in the exhibition at the Royal Institute Galleries is that of Mrs. Tom Metcalf by J. A. Grant. She and her husband live at Kingston Hill. They have two daughters and a son, who is at Cambridge.

**Mrs. George L. Coleman.** David Jagger, R.P., painted this portrait of the wife of Mr. George L. Coleman, a leading banker in Oklahoma, U.S.A., who is well known as an amateur golfer. She is the daughter of Judge Samuel C. Fullerton.

**The Hon. Mrs. Peter Strutt.** This delightful portrait is by Anthony Devas, A.R.A., and emphasises the sitter's English type of beauty. Mrs. Strutt married the elder son of Lord and Lady Belper in 1953; she and her husband live in Suffolk.

**Mrs. Patricia Gwynne.** A striking and characteristic work by Pietro Annigoni. Mrs. Gwynne is the younger daughter of Sir Clive and the Hon. Lady Morrison-Bell. Sir Clive Morrison-Bell was Conservative Member for Honiton from 1910-1931.

# Our Social Diary

QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER received a great welcome on her arrival in London after her visit to the United States and Canada. Her Majesty the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh, Prince Charles and Princess Anne were at Waterloo to greet Her Majesty, and afterwards the Royal party drove in carriage procession to Clarence House, escorted by a Sovereign's Escort of the Household Cavalry. The sun shone for this happy occasion, and the cheering crowds expressed affection and admiration for one who has always captured their hearts and loyalty. The Queen Mother has succeeded, by her charm and personality, in strengthening the ties that already exist between the people of the countries she has visited and ourselves.

## Dance at Edgcote

SOME houses seem to lend themselves more easily to the purpose of entertaining than others, and of these, Edgcote, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Courage, is one. The Bicester and Warden Hill Hunt Dance has been held there for several years, and is always looked forward to and enjoyed by members of the Hunt and friends in the neighbourhood.

Chrysanthemums, and other hothouse plants grown on the estate, formed the lovely floral decorations in the reception rooms and ballroom, and in the main entrance hall, where a particularly fine display of bronze and gold chrysanthemums were massed together in the centre.

Before the dance Mr. and Mrs. Courage gave a dinner-party for members of their house-party and other guests. Among these were Mrs. Courage's brother Mr. David Reynolds, her uncle Mr. Billy Reynolds and his daughter Juliet who is coming out next year, Captain David Barnett, and Miss Charmaine Wilson. Also, Mr. Courage's sister Mrs. Kenneth Bailey and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. James Wetherby, and Mr. and Mrs. Michael de Burgh. Mrs. William Pilkington and her husband (who is Joint-Master of the Hunt with Mr. Alan Budgett and Captain Miles Gosling) brought to the dance a party which included Mr. and Mrs. Antony Norman, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Willes, and Mr. Stanley Cayzer, Joint-Master of the Warwickshire, and his wife. Also in the party was an American visitor, Mr. Dudley Clark Fort, who had achieved something of a record up to that time by having hunted with no fewer than ten different packs in the fourteen days since his arrival in this country !

Two of the prettiest girls were Miss Joan Sitwell, who wore a cherry chiffon dress with a sky-blue velvet stole, and was the guest of Mr. Timothy Sergison-Brooke, and Miss Cathryn Hinde. Lady Wardington, a near-by neighbour, brought a party which included her sons Lord Wardington and the Hon. William Pease, her daughter-in-law Lady Avebury, Mr. Christopher Murray and his lovely young wife, and Miss Marigold Bridgeman, who looked very attractive in a full-skirted dress of pale pink tulle. A buffet supper was served in the candle-lit billiard room, and other guests I saw at this very enjoyable party were Major and Mrs. John Chandos-Pole, Mrs. Alan Budgett, Mr. Spencer Summers, M.P., and his wife and daughter Gillian, the Hon. Robin and Mrs. Cayzer, who looked very pretty in an oyster satin dress and a pearl tiara, and Mr. Gandar-Dower, M.F.H. for the South Oxfordshire. (Pictures taken on the occasion appear overleaf.)

## Towcester Races

THE following day I went to Towcester races, one of the most popular of the smaller meetings. The course has a lovely natural setting on Lord Hesketh's estate, Easton Neston, in Northamptonshire, and autumn sunshine enhanced the beauty of the surrounding countryside.

**THE HIGHLAND HOME INDUSTRIES EXHIBITION AND SALE** was organised by the Hon. Mrs. Stirling of Keir, and held at the Tea Centre in Regent Street. Many of the products shown were made by the crofters in their homes on hand looms. *Top :* Mrs. Vivian Eliott-Wood and Mrs. Guy Bullough. *Left :* Comte and Comtesse Chevreau d'Antraigues. *Right :* The Hon. Mrs. Thomas Davies and the Duchess of Argyll.

Many of the people racing had been at the dance the previous evening, which added great interest to their watching *Tiberetta*, bred, owned and trained by Mr. Edward Courage, run in the Adstone Steeplechase. Because of the heavy rain earlier in the week, the course in some places was almost a quagmire, but *Tiberetta* gave a faultless display of jumping throughout the three-mile 'chase, and won to the accompaniment of tremendous cheers by her supporters. Another popular win was that of the Hon. Peregrine Fairfax's *Monastere II* in the Tiffield Hurdle race. This very nice-looking colt is trained by Mr. Michael de Pret-Roose, who has only started training this season.

Among the people racing that day were Lord and Lady Hesketh, their brother-in-law Mr. Derek Lawson, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Seely with Viscountess Wimborne with whom they were staying for the week-end, Major-General John Combe, Colonel and Mrs. Hewett and their daughter Gillian, Major Peter Wiggin, and Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Smithers with Mr. and Mrs. John Hopton.

## Reception at the Belgian Embassy

TO celebrate the official birthday of King Baudouin, the Belgian Ambassador and the Marquise du Parc LocMaria gave a reception at the Embassy in Belgrave Square. We were received by our host and hostess in the upstairs drawing-room, the walls of which are hung with exquisite tapestries, and then descended to the reception rooms, thus avoiding a long wait on the stairs which is often the case on occasions of this kind.

Members of the Government whom I saw at the reception included the Lord Privy Seal, Captain Harry Crookshank, Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd, and Mr. Henry Hopkinson. Among the representatives of the Diplomatic Corps were the Soviet Ambassador, the Polish Ambassador and Madame Milnikiel, and the Egyptian Ambassador and Madame Hakki. I met the Argentine Ambassador, who told me he was going on to the Royal Film Performance that evening, and the Vicomtesse d'Orthez, from whom I was glad to hear that her husband, who had been ill in a nursing home, was very much better and had returned home the previous day. Other people I saw at the reception included Mr. John Foster, Q.C., who was talking to Mrs. Ghislaine Alexander, Lord and Lady Dormer, Mrs. Neville Chamberlain, Sir Lancelot and Lady Oliphant, Sir Alfred Bossom, and Mr. and Mrs. Dermot de Trafford.

## Wedding

LILIES, and pale pink-and-white chrysanthemums decorated St. James's Church, Piccadilly, for the wedding of Miss Jennifer Renwick to Mr. Antony Rowe, an Oxford

Rowing Blue and winner of the Diamond Sculls in 1950. The bride, who is the second daughter of Sir Robert Renwick and Mrs. John Ormiston, looked very lovely in a dress of white silk organza with a bodice of lace embroidered with pearls, and a Juliet cap over a tulle veil.

Richard Rowe, nephew of the bridegroom, made a very handsome page in full dress naval uniform of the time of Nelson, and his twin sister Jane looked enchanting in a white organdie dress with a pink sash. The four grown-up bridesmaids, Miss Belinda Renwick, Miss Juliet Fitz-Adam Ormiston, Miss Joanna Smith-Bingham, and Miss Joanna Philipson wore dresses of pale pink grosgrain, and had wreaths and bouquets of pink carnations and lily-of-the-valley. The marriage service was conducted by the Bishop of Willesden, the Right Rev. Gerald Ellison, also at one time a distinguished Rowing Blue, who has on two occasions umpired the Boat Race.

At the reception at the Dorchester, we were received by the parents of the bride, and the bridegroom's mother, Mrs. George Rowe. Mrs. Ormiston looked very smart in black, with a broad-brimmed hat in black-and-white feathers. Mr. Harry Renwick was an usher at the church, and with his eldest sister Susan, who looked very pretty in blue, helped look after their parents' guests. Among these were the bride's grandmother, Mrs. Harold Parks, Mr. John Ormiston, Dame Felicity Peake, Lord and Lady Cullen of Ashbourne, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Illingworth. Members of the Oxford Eight, who are to be coached by the bridegroom for the Boat Race next year, were there to drink his health when the toast was proposed by the best man, Mr. Marmaduke Hussey.

Lady Renwick was talking to Mrs. Charles Nicholl and her daughters, Lady d'Avigdor-Goldsmid and Mrs. Toby Waddington, who were joined by their husbands later in the afternoon. Others I saw at this very enjoyable wedding party were Mrs. Jean Garland and her son Mr. Charles Smith-Bingham, Lord Wardington and his brother, the Hon. William Pease, Mr. and Mrs. Archie Kidston, Lady Gloria Flower, and Mr. and Mrs. Alec Pilkington.

## The Red Cross Ball

An air of youth and gaiety pervaded the Red Cross Ball at the Dorchester; members of the Junior Committee and all their friends were there in force, and are to be congratulated on their contribution to the success of the evening. Lady Strathcona, chairman of the Ball Committee, looking very elegant in black and wearing a magnificent diamond tiara and necklace, welcomed the guests with Lord Luke and the chairman of the Junior Committee, the Hon. Hazel Scott-Ellis.

On arrival I bought a lucky programme (which, alas, did not secure me any prize!) from Lady Malvina Murray, who looked very sweet in a full-skirted tulle dress. The tombola did a roaring trade both before and after dinner, which I enjoyed in the delightful company of Mrs. Ann Bryans, who is deputy chairman of the Red Cross. Other guests at the table included Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. "Wac" Anderson, Air-Commodore Harry Hewat, who is Medical Adviser to the Society, and his wife, the Hon. Mrs. Hewat.

Shortly before midnight we had the delight of hearing Mr. Peter Ustinov give some deliciously funny impressions—I particularly liked the one of his notifying the British Consulate in Los Angeles of the birth of his daughter. He and his wife had previously joined Lady Strathcona's party which also included her daughter, the Hon. Diana Howard, Viscount Glentworth and Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Lonsdale. Mrs. Ustinov drew the numbers for the lucky programmes, and Lady Howard de Walden won the raffle prize of a pair of scarlet slacks, presented by Mrs. Leonard Simpson. The slacks were worn by Miss Jacynth Lindsay, who looked so attractive in them that Lady Howard de Walden gave them to her.

Among the bevy of pretty girls at the Ball were Miss Caroline York, who wore a lovely dress of sky-blue satin; Miss Carina Boyle in a striking white dress patterned with black flowers; Miss Claire Baring in a short evening dress of coffee-coloured lace, and Miss Fiona Munro in a dress of white broderie anglaise with a bright pink stole. Also Miss Rose Lycett-Green, who was in a white chiffon, rose-patterned dress with a black velvet bodice, and Miss Caroline Clive, who looked enchanting in white tulle with a broad, bronze-coloured sash.

Other guests I saw were Lord Carnegie, with the Hon. Caroline Dewar, Miss Marian Bevan and the Earl of Erne, who were in Lord O'Neill's party, Miss Stella Wood, Lord Stormont, and Miss June Beaumont-Nesbitt with Mr. Timothy Sergison-Brooke. H.E. the Jordan Ambassador and Mme. Haikal, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Tilley, Lady Luke, the Commissioner for the Gold Coast and Mrs. Mercer, the Commissioner for Malaya and Singapore and Mrs. Osman, Mrs. de Pass, who brought a party with her daughter Jill, who is coming out next year, Lord and Lady Stamp, Vice-Admiral Sir William and Lady Andrewes, and the Mayor and Mayoress of Westminster were also at the Ball.

**UNITED CHARITIES FAIR.** The Duchess of Gloucester attended the Fair held at Grosvenor House. Mrs. Leonard Simpson, the President, is seen at the hoop-la stall.

**WEDDING.** Mr. Antony Rowe and his bride, the former Miss Jennifer Renwick, after their wedding at St. James's, Piccadilly. An account of the wedding is on this page.

## Cocktail Party

On a wet evening in London, taxis become as elusive as the proverbial fly in winter-time, and an almost torrential downpour was the cause of my arriving rather late at the cocktail party given by the Duke and Duchess of Argyll. But my host and hostess were still welcoming new arrivals in the drawing-room of their charming house in Grosvenor Street, and guests were still lingering when I left this very enjoyable party some time later.

At the party I met Major Rufus Clark and his attractive wife, Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg, and Mr. Simon Elwes and his youngest son Timothy. Also Lady Mancroft, who is an enthusiastic gardener and thinks, quite rightly, that gardens in London squares are too often neglected, and has already started to improve the one of the square where she and her husband live.

Other guests I saw included Loelia, Duchess of Westminster, the Spanish Ambassador, Mr. and Mrs. Cosmo Crawley, Mr. Rory and Lady Elizabeth More O'Ferrall, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Tiarks, and Mrs. John Ward, who was looking very pretty in a black off-the-shoulder dress.

## First Night at the Globe Theatre

*An Evening with Beatrice Lillie* left me with the firm conviction that this great artist should never again be allowed to disappear from these shores, much less the English stage. I laughed until I cried, and my only disappointment was that on the first night, at any rate, she did not sing *Three Little Fishes*. But there were many compensations for this, among these the scene where she plays the maid, her song *Nobody Thinks of Nanette*, her satire on the Japanese theatre, and her reactions to the impassioned rendering of *Come Into the Garden, Maud*, sung by an amorous gentleman in an all-enveloping opera cloak. Among the audience who gave her a rapturous reception were Rose, Marchioness of Headfort, and her son Lord William Taylour, Lord and Lady Gifford, Mr. John Foster, Q.C., Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Montgomery with Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Cannon, and Sir Simon and Lady Marks.

## The Limelight Ball

Lady Pulbrook is again the chairman of the Limelight Ball, which is being held at the Savoy Hotel on New Year's Eve. The Ball is in aid of the Royal London Society for the Blind. Dancing to two bands, and an all-star cabaret are among the other attractions. Tickets may be obtained from the Society at 105–109, Salusbury Road, N.W.6.

*Helena*

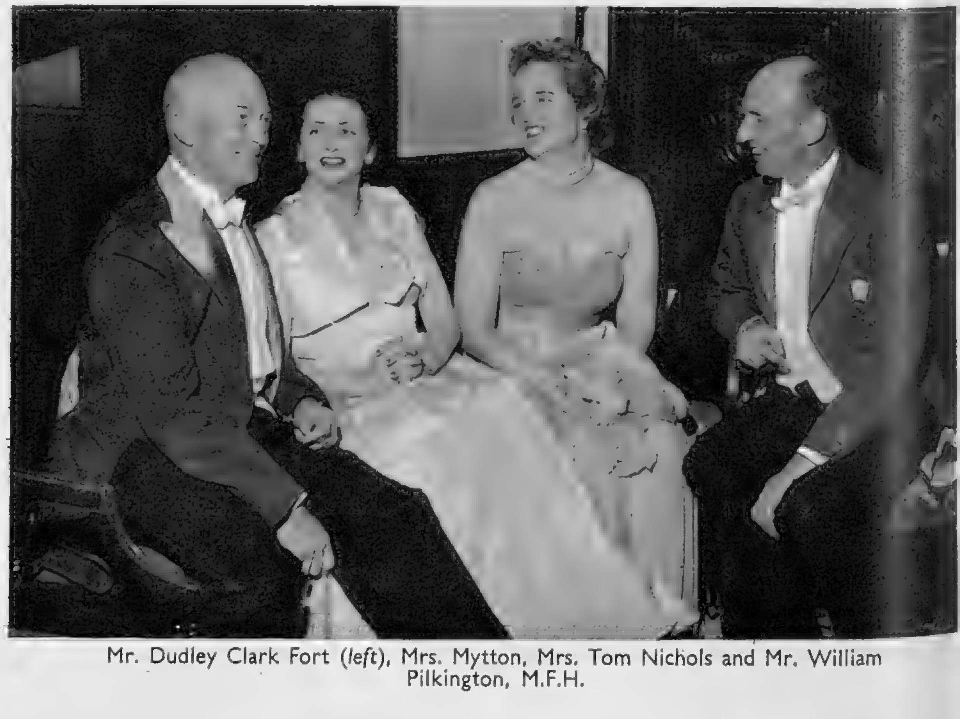
# THE BICESTER AND WARDEN HILL HUNT DANCE

FOR the past few years the Bicester and Warden Hill Hunt Dance has been held at Edgcote, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Courage, where the pictures on the opposite page were also taken. Members of the Hunt, including the three Joint-Masters, Mr. William Pilkington, Mr. Alan Budgett and Captain Miles Gosling, were among the guests, who numbered nearly three hundred. This very successful dance continued until the early hours of the morning. An account appears in our Social Diary on page 526 of this issue.

*Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Van Hallan.*

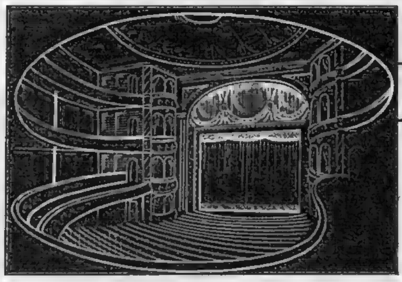
*Left:* Mr. and Mrs. Edward Courage enjoy some refreshment with two of their guests, Mr. Kenneth Bailey (*left*) and Mr. Billy Reynolds (*right*). *Right:* Mr. Alan Budgett, M.F.H., Mrs. Antony Norman and Captain Miles Gosling, M.F.H. The painting behind Captain Gosling is of Mrs. Courage as a child : it is by Cathleen Mann.

Lord Wardington and Mrs. Edward Windley in the candle-lit supper-room.

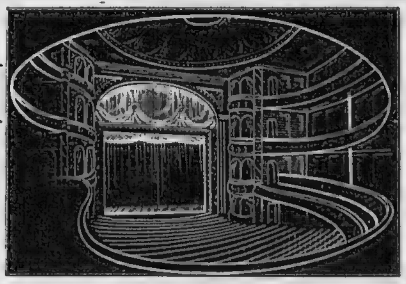


Mr. Dudley Clark Fort (*left*), Mrs. Mytton, Mrs. Tom Nichols and Mr. William Pilkington, M.F.H.

Last season Mr. Edward Courage took out a licence for training under National Hunt Rules and had the remarkable success of winning seven races with his two mares *Tiberetta* and *Tiberina*. He bred both of these out of his mare *Drumrora*, the sire being *Tiberius*, who among other successes won both the Ascot Gold Cup and the Goodwood Cup in 1935. Mr. Courage's triumph is all the more remarkable in that he is disabled through polio. *Above*: Mrs. Edward Courage leads the horses out to exercise. Those shown (*right to left*) are *Royal Oak*, *Tiberetta*, *Tiberina* and *Beau Temps*. *Below*: *Tiberina* (*left*), Mr. and Mrs. Courage, and *Tiberetta*, who, at Towcester the day after this picture was taken, won her second race this season.



AT THE THEATRE with J. C. TREWIN



# The Witch and The Wizards

I USED to see sunsets like it when I was very young. Doubtless there have been plenty since; but it is the sort of thing one remembers from childhood—looking, perhaps, across a flat, barren moor at nightfall; a sky above it streaked with rusty black, as if some giant had thrust his fingers and thumb into the coal-dust and smudged them across an already glowering sky. In recollection, it is all black and purple and dull lead, with maybe the wry splinter of a moon, and beneath it the ominous silhouette of a gibbet. If Patrick Robertson's skyscape at the Bristol Old Vic was not precisely like this, that at any rate is how it has become painted on my memory. And it is a reasonably apt impression of the effect that Arthur Miller's play, *The Crucible*—acted beneath that sky—has left with me.

Although *The Crucible* has just ended its Bristol run, I am writing about it now in the hope that we may yet meet it in the West End. It is the kind of play that, during performance, can batter one into submission. Afterwards, in Banquo's phrase, there may be fears and scruples; but Arthur Miller does in the theatre what he sets out to do: to carry us back to the superstitions, the dark terror, of Salem in Massachusetts during the year 1692. Fanatical Puritans were prepared then to believe that the Devil loomed over the town and witches rode on the night-wind. So it is in the Salem of *The Crucible*, where a jealous, revengeful girl—the very incarnation of evil—takes advantage of the hysterical belief in witchcraft to move her township to frenzy. It is fanaticism unleashed.

I was not troubled about any modern application. Clearly, the dramatist is attacking witch-hunting in general. It is quite enough for us that he has written a fierce historical melodrama. He has not been reticent. Here are neither tactful hints nor gentle shading; he has simply banged the facts at us as hard as he can bang. It is a ceaseless bombardment: one or two of the scenes, such as the trial in which the so-called Afflicted Children sway the court by pretending to spy the Evil One as a great bird on a rafter, are pieces of "theatre" so compelling that we do not ask questions until well on the way home.

For my part, I met *The Crucible* at a matinée. During the long train journey home, discussing other things with two of the best talkers about the stage I know, hardly a doubt prickled. It was somewhere near midnight when I began to ask whether Arthur Miller had not exaggerated his bigots beyond acceptance. Surely they could not have done this, said that? But the fact remained: for a few hours on that November afternoon the dramatist had persuaded me that the play was reasonable; and for its theatrical impact, for the production of Warren Jenkins—who, wisely, mitigated nothing—and for the acting of the Bristol Old Vic cast, I can only render thanks.

Edgar Wreford acted with a rugged power as the farmer whose wife is arraigned on the evidence of a jealous girl, and who himself must fall, discredited. Rosemary Harris's dignity as the accused wife was exactly right; and Pat Sandys struck with all her force at the girl, Abigail, who is allowed to conquer. The dramatist has not yielded to any wistful hope for a happy ending. This is bitter to the last, though the final prison scene drags and toils in performance, and the play really ends in the hysteria of the Trial. John Kidd, as the examining magistrate anxious to be just but unable to see beyond the end of his nose, was properly incisive. Indeed, Arthur Miller can be sure that his play had honest treatment, and that the lead-and-charcoal sky, the gibbets, and the angry, scorching dialogue will stay with all spectators not too cynical to reject a piece of "theatre" unabashed. It would be odd to meet *The Crucible* and *Bell, Book, and Candle* on consecutive nights.

*THE TALK OF THE TOWN* (Adelphi) is very different from the talk of Salem in 1692. The entertainment itself is one of those nondescript affairs, half revue, half music-hall; but it is much better than most, and it has the good luck to own, in Jimmy Edwards and Tony Hancock, a pair of comedians who now and then might crack the most misanthropic frown. An established wizard, Edwards (with moustache) has a ferocious bounce. His voice is like treacled sandpaper. He thunders in a lighthouse, is amorous in a court ("*and a good judge too,*" as Gilbert said on another occasion), and also unfurls the banner of a new political party, the Jimmunists. Slogan: "*One for all, and all for Jim.*" Tony Hancock ('Ancock), on the other hand, is plump and worried. It is a struggle to sustain life. How he will do it we cannot say, though it is obvious that he finds some diversion in changing to an American crooner. For fifteen minutes he rags the type of exhibition we have so often suffered (at three times the length) in a London music-hall. Hancock's impersonation, the funniest thing in the revue, is almost terrifying in its truth: the archness, the voicelessness, the parade of bonhomie, the introduction of the pianist, the microphone-hugging. Hancock even adds a covey of shrilling "fans" and a severe attack of cramp (the first only too authentic, the second less so).

Various spectacular features are according to plan, though I think it ought to be said, very loudly, that Paris in the theatre has become tedious. (I hope that the gaiety of *Londres* has the same attention over there, but I doubt it.) Joan Turner sings acceptably: and there is an interlude called—without marked zest—*Coaching Days and Coaching Ways*, in which We Halt at the Inn with the Male Voice Choir. Good; but I wished that Hancock and Edwards could have been somewhere around the coach as well.

I WENT one night to the Intimate Theatre (at Palmers Green), which was founded over twenty years ago by John Clements, and which had blossomed for a week into *The Merchant of Venice*. Palmers Green seemed to be dubious about *The Merchant*, and the house was small. Truants missed an astonishingly good study of Portia by Margaret Gibson: an actress of style who made a fresh and credible personage of the lady of Belmont, and who did those difficult Trial speeches as well as I have heard them for a long time.

On another night, and as one of an even smaller audience, I witnessed a pair of modern morality plays (under the title of *But They Won't Lie Down*) in St. Thomas' Church, Regent Street. Rain streamed outside; within, a gallant company struggled to assure its fifteen or twenty watchers that the plays were worth doing. At least, I was impressed by the ease of one young actor, Rodney Diak, as a man-about-town angel; and a fortnight that brought, besides *The Crucible* and Mr. Hancock's crooner, such performances as those of Miss Gibson and Mr. Diak is not to be disregarded in memory.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO: Barclays Bank Operatic Society made a bold venture last month with a new opera, libretto by Sutherland Scott, who writes detective stories, music by Ernest Thorn, a member of the staff. The opera was well received at the Scala Theatre. Our picture shows Mathilde (Mary Glover) with members of the Ladies' Chorus.

## ON LOAN TO LONDON

TO-NIGHT (December 1st) London, which has seen French and American actors in plenty, will have its first opportunity of seeing a Norwegian actor in a leading rôle. At the Saville Theatre, Per Aabel opens in *Accounting for Love*, a French comedy set in 1906. Though he paints and plays the piano, Per Aabel is primarily an actor, as was his father. He joined the National Theatre at Oslo (from whom he is at present on loan) as a very young man, and has been with them ever since. Our photograph was specially taken for *The Sketch* by Houston Rogers : the small photograph on the right shows Per Aabel in a Norwegian performance of the play in which he opens to-night.

The Hon. Anthony Berry, the youngest son of Lord Kemsley, and his bride, who is the elder daughter of Lord and Lady Fermoy, leaving the church after their marriage. The bridal attendants were all children, the three pages being Richard Berry, the Hon. Anthony Warrender and James Russell, and the nine bridesmaids, Catherine Berry, Lady Lemina Gordon, Anthea and Jennifer Gill, Elizabeth Fogg-Elliot, Lady Rose Cholmondeley, Tana Alexander, Angela Scott and Venetia Stanley Smith, who is seen in the lower picture with her brother Charles. The Hon. Colin Tennant was best man. After the ceremony Lord and Lady Fermoy held a reception at Hutchinson House. More than 800 guests were at the wedding.

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Mr. Giles Floyd, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Floyd, smiles down at his bride, formerly the Hon. Gillian Cecil, and daughter of Lord Burghley and of Lady Mary Burghley. Mr. Michael Gibbs acted as best man, and after the wedding the bride's parents held a reception at Grosvenor House. There were four child attendants—Robert Floyd, Dawn Ferguson, Richard Brassey and Dorian Greenly, who is seen arriving at the church with a treasured friend, her teddy bear. The six bridesmaids were the bride's sister, the Hon. Angela Cecil, Miss Margaret Montagu-Douglas-Scott, Miss Anne Stevenson Hamilton, Miss Bridget Emmott, Miss Hilary Power and Miss Nicola Weld-Forester (whose portrait appears on page 534 in this issue).

Photograph by Eric Coop.

## MISS NICOLA WELD-FORESTER

OUR portrait is of the attractive twenty-one-year-old only daughter of Lieut.-Commander and Mrs. Wolstan Weld-Forester. Her engagement to the Earl of Dumfries, eldest son of the Marquess and Marchioness of Bute, was announced last month. Lieut.-Commander Weld-Forester is the British Consul-General at Oporto.

TELEVISION TOPICS by CYRIL BUTCHER

# Stop Wasting New Talent!

*Don't put your daughter on the stage,*
*Mrs. Worthington.*
*Don't put your daughter on the stage.*

NOËL COWARD'S discouraging little jingle came forcibly to my mind the other day, while reading a report of a meeting of the British Actors' Equity Association. To learn that something like 1,600 newcomers join an already overcrowded profession each year makes appalling news. Personally, I doubt the wisdom of closing the ranks to fresh talent, but that is not the business of this page.

More to the point is the manner in which this talent is utilized for television. All indications show that the programme contractors of the I.T.A. are bent on hooking as many of the top names as they can, with which to hit hard in the battle for the favour of the viewing public. And although the B.B.C. has now put several of its stars under an I.T.A.-barring contract, the Corporation will not be able to afford to outbid indefinitely. So there may come a serious shortage of interesting personalities to form the backbone of its programmes.

The obvious answer is to find new talent, exploit new personalities and build up new stars. And, of course, that answer has not been lost on the B.B.C. For a matter of years now, there has been in existence a system for auditioning artists new to television. It is under the control of Tim Holland Bennett, Television Booking Manager. He is a charming man, who, as he puts it, was "an unsuccessful actor for years"—so he knows how hard the life can be and is accordingly sympathetic. His main job is to "talk money" with the artists and arrange their contracts, which means that he is responsible for engaging between 300–400 of them weekly. The actual process of auditioning he delegates to Doreen Dickson (Drama) and Mary Cook (Light Entertainment), both delightful and shrewd ladies who have a sure eye for a winner. Every *professional* artist who applies is interviewed and out of that number something like fifty are given auditions each week. So the B.B.C. cannot exactly be accused of turning a blind eye to fresh talent.

But—and I think it is a very serious "but"—Mr. Holland Bennett tells me that "No individual artist can count on enough work from B.B.C. television to make a living. It is just as uncertain as any other branch of show business. An actor may be lucky enough to get twenty broadcasts one year, only to find that next year he may only get two. There's not much I can do about it, because the Booking Department is not a casting office. The casting is all done by the producers of the individual programmes. We can only *suggest* artists to them."

I was then told of a certain young actor who is now a well-established star. A few years ago he gave an audition to Miss Dickson, was considered brilliant and suggested to producer after producer—without effect. Now, I doubt whether the B.B.C. could readily afford him.

PRODUCERS are not deliberately dog-in-the-mangerish about new talent, but they do tend to use artists whose work they know—and that is understandable. But if the ranks of the B.B.C.'s television stars are to be thinned, the problem of finding and developing new ones has to be faced. So I would like to make a few suggestions to the B.B.C. First that they should comb the potentialities of those 1,600 yearly newcomers with increased vigour. Next that, having made a "discovery," they should ensure that such talent is thoroughly exploited and encouraged to be developed. And then, that they should put under contract a nucleus of potential new stars.

It need not be an expensive business. Not nearly as expensive as signing up some of the present top names at salaries which are reputed to be around the £5,000-a-year mark. Young artists are lucky if they average a £5-a-week income. A regular £15 for a year or so would be a godsend to them. After that—if they made the grade—they could be retained for a further period, on big-money terms, either permanently or under an obligation to perform an agreed number of times a year.

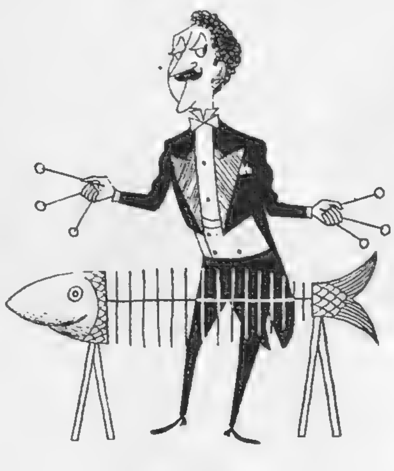
The other day I mentioned this idea to one of the B.B.C.'s staff. "That's all very fine," came the reply. "But what happens if the producers won't play ball? They're very jealous of their independence in the matter of casting. What happens if they refuse to use the contract artists? We would be left with them on our hands with nothing to do."

My answer to the producers would be to invite them not to be so damn' silly; to point out that the future of B.B.C. television is a matter which affects them most urgently, and that it is in their own interests to co-operate fully. I would go further and insist that these young artists are used by every department. They should be given comedy and dramatic parts in plays (not necessarily leading parts, you understand), they should appear in sketches and perhaps sing an odd song in light-entertainment shows, they should be made to interview people in Talks programmes, and even take their turns as relief announcers. Their tasks should not be too responsible but infinitely varied, to find where their real talent lies. How many indifferent clowns would have made superb Hamlets and how many a great clown has been lost because an actor has thought that anything but "straight" acting was infra-dig?

Let the B.B.C. take courage from the examples of two of the greatest showmen of recent times: the late Sir Charles Cochran and André Charlot. Between them they built up a dazzling array of stars, merely by recognizing latent talent when they saw it and then gradually nursing it to strength. Unlike those two gentlemen, the B.B.C. is not a money-making concern. How much more then can they afford to experiment with talent, and how very well the money will have been spent when they can give the public a steady stream of new television stars!

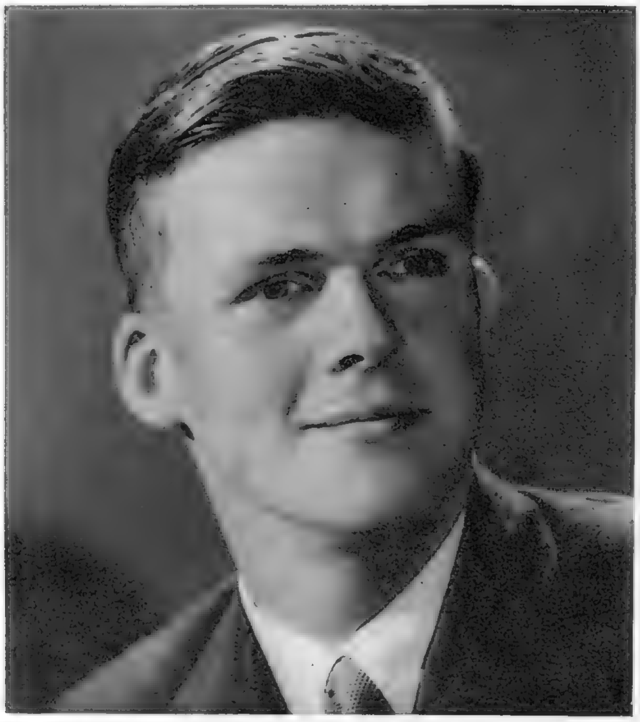
ANGRAVE'S ALPHABET

X for Xylocarp



(*Musical Fish*)

# We Take Off Our Hat To . . .



RALPH HOLMES: For a labour of love, not lost.

When the B.B.C. wanted a stand-in for Yehudi Menuhin during rehearsals of a recent T.V. programme, alone among the technicians Ralph Holmes, aged seventeen, fiddled while the arc-lamps burned. So impressive was he that the B.B.C. has now signed him to make a T.V. appearance of his own on December 13th in *Music For You*.

A. V. SWAEBE: For not sticking to his last.

Mr. Swaebe, whose society pictures our readers know, was at Sandown on July 10th, when he noticed that Her Majesty's horse *Abergeldie* had not emerged with the others from the paddock. " Where is Sir Gordon ? " rang Mr. Swaebe's impassioned cry, and, pushing high Society to right and left like a reaper through corn, he reached the paddock and found Sir Gordon on the ground. The result was this picture, which has taken second prize in the News Section of the annual competition for " British Press Pictures of the Year " — the first time 77-year-old Mr. Swaebe has entered such a field.

MARGARET WOOD: An artist who prefers her models in fur coats.

Ten-year-old Miss Wood went for a field-trip in Regent's Park, and set up her easel in the Children's Zoo, where she settled down to a study of the haughty llamas, with their coats of fur and aristocratic Oriental poise. At once, up came those common goats—in goatskin, naturally. Goats do not like to be slighted, and have ways to show it. Beginning by sneering like *avant-garde* critics at the Royal Academy, they ended by upsetting the easel.

PATRICIA HOLLENDER: Who has given her play, *The Lost Generation*, to the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund.

Cicely Courtneidge (*right*) and Noël Coward were among those to congratulate Miss Hollender after the first night last month at the New Lindsey Club of her play, *The Lost Generation*. Also in the audience were four members of the Air Council, Air Chief Marshal Lord Dowding, Group Captain Bader, and Miss Sally Ann Howes. Miss Hollender has donated the world rights of her play, which is about disabled ex-Service men, to the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund.

Drawn by Jensen.

"AND THEY'LL PROBABLY GET A RAKE-OFF FROM THE GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINES!"

The lovely lady at the left is one-half of a dancing team, Danya and Alvarez, who do Latin-American numbers at the Savoy. Tony Fayne and David Evans are in the right-hand corner, with Kodell and his four (count them !) budgerigars below them. We probably ought to mention that Mr. Fayne has just become the father of triplets (all girls), which may explain the fatherly smile he wears in our picture.

# Around the Night Spots

TALL girls dance Windmill-type choreography on the Savoy's large cabaret stage, which rises at the roll of a drum like a Pacific island from the dance-floor. They are followed (we swear this is true) by a man named Kodell, who does conjuring tricks with budgerigars. We 're not making this up ; he really does. One moment, no budgies ; the next—budgies. It 's a little unsettling if you 've been dining a trifle lavishly, especially when one of the birds does the Indian Rope Trick—a little trick it picked up in India, where Mr. Kodell has performed. Probably there 's some quite simple explanation for those budgerigars, like mass-hypnotism or the atom bomb, but for the moment we 're Amazed.

But it 's an evening of illusion. For when Tony Fayne and David Evans appear a little later in the cabaret with their wicked and funny impressions, the isle is full of voices. We shall remember particularly Sir Winston Churchill as a station announcer, making a gloomy but bulldog forecast of the perils that lie between Victoria and Clapham Junction, and a play-by-play commentary of a family Christmas dinner. Messrs. Fayne and Evans are Bristol boys, cricketers both, probably a little ill at ease among the soft lights and sweet music, but they seem to bear up chipperly enough.

There doesn't seem to be much point, in this issue, in writing about *cuisine*, since the *cuisines* of both the Savoy and the May Fair (our next port of call) are so well known. Besides, who can think of food when the lovely Hélène Cordet is about to turn the mind to higher matters ? Miss Cordet, who is to leave for Canada, she says, immediately after her two weeks at the May Fair are over, is giving substantially the same act as the one you may have seen when she performed at the Café de Paris (where Rudy Vallee is ensconced for a further fortnight) earlier this year. She says modestly that it always seems to be popular enough. Many of her numbers are her own—notably *Three Carnations* and *Palm of Your Hand*, with all that crazy audience participation.

Lovely Hélène Cordet is at the May Fair. You won't see this sweater, though, because she 's keeping it for her trip to Canada, where the winters are cold.

*Photograph by Angus McBean.*

## AN EVENING WITH BEATRICE LILLIE

THE first of a succession of evenings with Miss Lillie began on November 24th at the Globe Theatre. As a kind of auxiliary host, there is Leslie Bricusse, late of the Cambridge Footlights, replacing Reginald Gardiner, whose imitations of wall-paper helped Miss Lillie to entertain New York City; Mr. Bricusse, on the other hand, imitates Americans. The first half of the evening consists of sketches and whatnot; the second half is all Miss Lillie and her accompanist and a nostalgic hotch-potch of remembered joys. There is still, her admirers will be glad to know, wind round Miss Lillie's heart, though the three little fishes, alas! no longer sport in that itty bitty poo.

THE DIVIDED HEART: Toni (Michel Ray) and his "real mother" (Yvonne Mitchell) in a moving scene from the Michael Balcon film reviewed on this page.

AT THE CINEMA

# True and False History

## (The True is Moving: the False, Dull)

By C. A. LEJEUNE

### THE DIVIDED HEART
(*Gaumont*)

EALING Studios' new film *The Divided Heart* is contemporary history, beautifully handled. Not only are the facts it presents substantially true, but they are presented in such a way as to seem utterly true in *feeling*. The film is important, too, in that it enlarges the imagination and quickens pity for hundreds of other cases of the same nature. "It makes you think, doesn't it?" people are saying as they come out of the theatre. Of how many films could *that* be said?

The story is based on a case brought, two years ago, before the United States Courts of the Allied High Commission for Germany—the case of a boy and two mothers. He was born, just before the German invasion, to Yugoslav parents. His father is shot for helping the partisans. His two sisters are taken away, never to be seen again. His mother escapes to the woods with the child, but presently she is arrested and sent to Auschwitz. The small boy himself is put into a German orphanage, and legally adopted, at the age of about three, by a young German woman and her soldier husband. They bring him up, with the deepest love and understanding, as their own and only son.

Toni is nine or ten years old, and the war has long been over, when the shock comes. The adoptive parents are informed by the International Refugee Organisation that the Yugoslav mother is alive, and is taking steps to claim him through the proper court. It is a case in which, as the presiding judge observes, justice cannot be done, for if Toni belongs to one mother by right of birth, he belongs to the other by right of love and self-sacrifice. The best that can be done is to decide what seems most expedient for the future happiness of the boy. Most people, I suppose, will agree with the final verdict, but the reasons given for it are unusual.

*The Divided Heart* has the benefit of fine performances right through the cast, from Alexander Knox as the Chief Justice to the small Martin Keller, who so touchingly plays Toni as a little boy. Michel Ray, as the older Toni, shows a clever child's natural talent for acting. Yvonne Mitchell and Cornell Borchers (Miss Mitchell speaking only Slovani, Miss Borchers, a German actress, speaking almost uninflected English) give shining performances, each in her own way, as the two mothers. The Austrian actor Armin Dahlen stands for the decent type of German soldier, and some of the most moving and imaginative scenes are the early ones in which the new parents realize it is the uniform the child is frightened of, not the man.

### BEAU BRUMMELL
(*Empire*)

DON'T let 's be beastly to *Beau Brummell*. It wasn't *meant* to be the choice for the Royal Film Performance. I mean, it wasn't made with that particular object in view. It was just another romantic film, produced in England for an American company with a rather superior cast of British actors. Settings authentic. Quotations traditional. It should have been all right if they only hadn't shown it to the Queen. Not because it 's tactless. Because it 's dull. And Her Majesty is not in the happy position of you and me, friend reader. She can't get up and go. She must stay and smile.

As an entertainment *Beau Brummell* is not only out of place but out of date. It is based on a stage play written early in the century for the American actor, Richard Mansfield. Presumably the play contrived to combine democracy with romance. Our hero is no mere dandy and eccentric, but a profound believer in the people's rights. He has been deeply moved by the French and American revolutions. He questions the divine right of kings. He goes so far as to plead for the abolition of powdered wigs, not in the interests of health or sartorial elegance, but simply to release so many tons of baking flour for the starving multitudes. He tries to make a model of "Prinny," by teaching him to become a man.

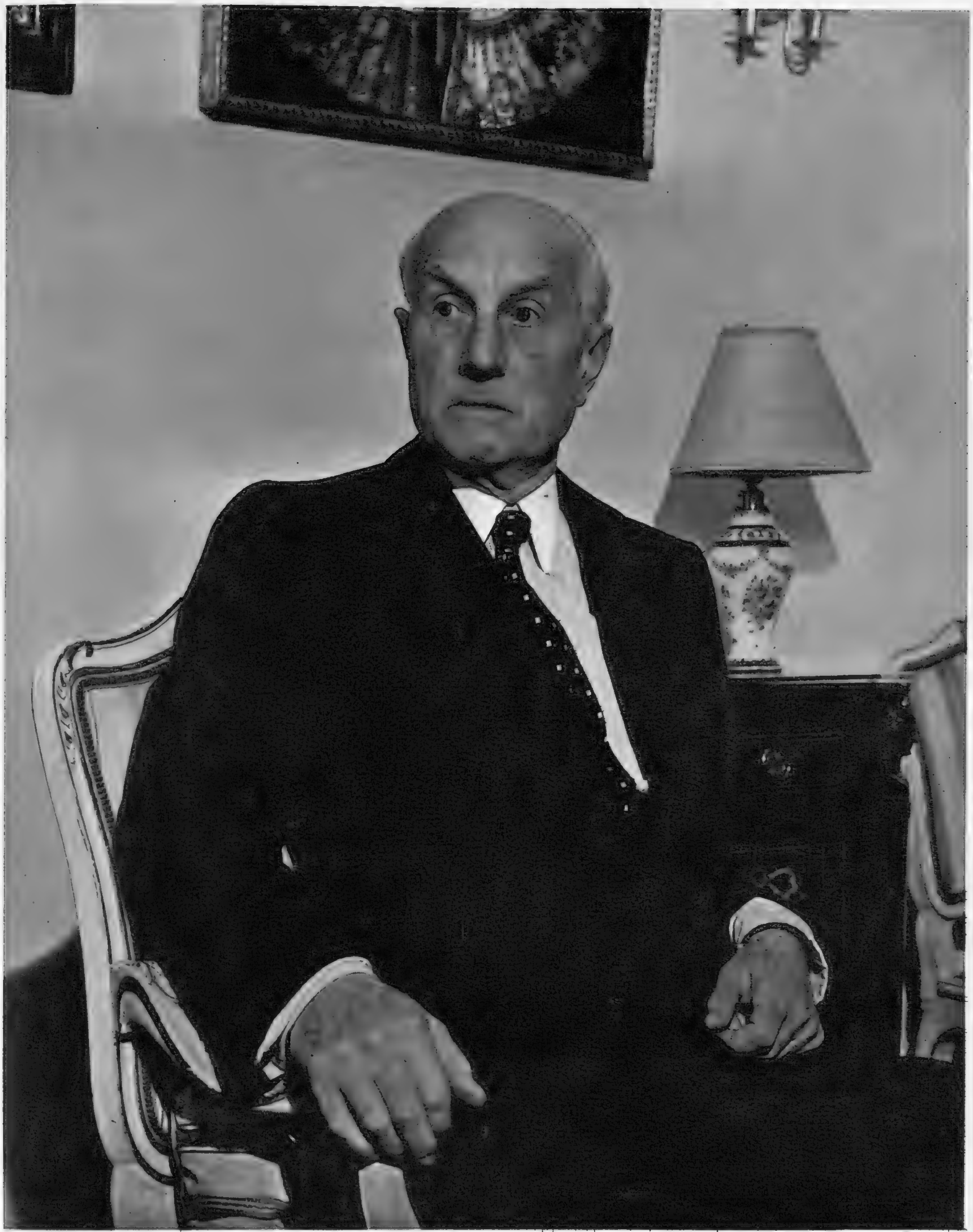
Prinny, ill-advised and peevish, casts him off. Our boy makes tracks for a French attic where he 'd sooner die than earn money writing scandalous memoirs about his friend, the king. In fact, he is dying; of a cough, in genteel poverty, when his patron turns up in time to pat his failing hand. A touching scene, of peculiar interest, since the real George IV. predeceased Beau Brummell by a decade.

I should feel inclined to say that Peter Ustinov, as Prinny, pulls every leg within reach, except that I do not know the limit of his capacity. Stewart Granger's Beau Brummell is properly picturesque. Elizabeth Taylor, in a powdered wig, appears as somebody called Lady Patricia, whom Beau Brummell adores, when he can take his mind off democracy for a moment. She looks ravishingly pretty and utterly addled, poor sweet; and one can see why.

### TWO NEW WESTERNS

THE value of CinemaScope, well used, to outdoor pictures, is shown again in the case of two new westerns. The better is *Broken Lance* (*Carlton*), which has fine scenery in it, as well as Spencer Tracy; and no film in which Mr. Tracy appears can be wholly unimpressive. The dialogue in this one is unusually well-written, the drama strong, and the film a very handsome thing to watch.

SET in the hills of Mexico, *Garden of Evil* (*Odeon, Marble Arch*) begins when into a seaport café bursts a frantic red-headed lady (Susan Hayward), who offers dollops of dollars to anyone who will ride with her to a distant gold-mine, and help rescue her husband, trapped by a cave-in. Three gold prospectors take up her offer; Gary Cooper, an ex-sheriff, Richard Widmark, a gambler and self-styled poet, and Cameron Mitchell, a thoroughly bad hat who lives by shooting criminal fugitives in the back for the price on their heads. Only one man (Mr. Cooper naturally) survives to join Miss Hayward in the CinemaScope sunset.



*Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Houston Rogers.*

## AFTER THE TROUBLED YEARS

THIS study of Lord Templewood was made at his Chelsea flat shortly after the publication of his book *Nine Troubled Years*, a political history of the Nineteen-Thirties—a period of which it only now becomes possible to make a dispassionate appraisal. Lord Templewood was a close personal friend of Neville Chamberlain and a member of the Inner Cabinet during the years before the war; his book gives portraits of King George V., of the late Earl Baldwin, Ramsay MacDonald, Gandhi, and of Sir Winston Churchill and Mr. Butler, the present Chancellor, at one time Lord Templewood's Parliamentary Private Secretary. As a political history, *Nine Troubled Years* does not allow itself to convey the wide variety of Lord Templewood's interests; his Double Blue and Double First at Oxford have been paralleled by his twenty-five-year presidency of the Lawn Tennis Association and his present presidency of the Howard League. His wife, the former Lady Maud Lygon, daughter of the sixth Earl Beauchamp, shares his interests, and even accompanied him in the first civil aeroplane flight to India, for which she was later awarded a D.B.E.

"Please Forward": by Joyce Dennys.

# Trouble with Shakespeare

MY DEAR ROBERT,

One day last week Charles and I got an At-Home card from Lady B. asking us to a fork supper. In the corner where people usually write "Sherry and Cocktails," Lady B. had written "To discuss Plans for Winter Fun."

"What 's she up to now?" said Charles nervously.

When we had all finished supper and made a lot of crumbs on Lady B.'s carpet, she stood on a chair to make a speech. "My dears," said Lady B., "it has been a bad summer."

"Hear, hear!"

"Some of us are dreading the winter——"

"Hear, hear!"

"As nobody in this room has the intelligence for Bridge——"

"Oh, come, now! Come, now!" said Colonel Simpkins, puffing out his moustache.

"——it behoves us to find some other means of whiling away the dark evenings until Spring returns with her world-wandering feet. This matter is now open for discussion." Then she sat down.

The Admiral took a deep breath and said, "Coon-Can."

"Rummy," said Mrs. Savernack.

"Rummy is the same thing as Coon-Can," said the Conductor.

"It isn't," said the Admiral.

"It is, you know," said the Conductor.

"They 're both frightful games, anyway," said Charles. "Suppose Lady B. tells us what she has already decided we are to do."

"Well," said Lady B., "I thought Shakespeare Readings would be rather nice."

"Good God!" said Colonel Simpkins.

"To be, or not to be," boomed the Admiral.

Faith leant towards the Conductor and said, "Good-night, good-night! Parting is such sweet sorrow, That I shall say good-night till it be morrow."

The Conductor leant towards Faith and said, "Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast! Would I were sleep and peace so sweet to rest!"

"Break away, you two," said Charles.

*"All the perfumes of Arabia . . ."*

*. . . glanced down and turned pink.*

*. . . clearly in some sort of poetic frenzy.*

A FEW days later, when I was just turning in at Lady B.'s gate I met Mrs. Whinebite. "Off to Bridge?" I said politely, for I am going through a bout of trying to be nicer to her.

Mrs. Whinebite looked at me pityingly. "You don't play Golf, Henrietta, and you don't play Bridge—you might as well be dead."

"Oh, I don't know, Mrs. Whinebite," I said, looking meaningly at the Shakespeare in my hand, "I manage to keep a few interests." The minute I 'd said it I was sorry, because the Admiral and Mrs. Admiral and Colonel and Mrs. Simpkins came round the corner just then, each carrying a Shakespeare too. Mrs. Whinebite's black eyes darted from one volume to another and I knew she 'd guessed she 'd been left out of something and would chisel herself in by hook or by crook. I confided my fears to the others as we walked up Lady B.'s garden path, but they all said Tuesday was Mrs. Whinebite's most important Bridge Day, and they were certain she would never allow anything to interfere with it.

Faith and the Conductor were already there, sitting side by side on the sofa, looking flushed and dishevelled and clearly in some sort of poetic frenzy. Faith looked at me with glazed eyes and muttered, "Is there no pity sitting in the clouds, That sees into the bottom of my grief? Oh, sweet my mother, cast me not away!"

"I say, Lady B., have I got to be Faith's mother?"

"Yes," said Lady B., and she handed me a piece of paper on which was written "Lady Capulet and other oddments."

We all sat down and little Mrs. Simpkins showed me her paper. "I 'm glad I 'm the dear old Nurse," she whispered, "it 's the sort of part I like."

"Do you know the play well, Mrs. Simpkins?" I asked.

"I don't know *any* of Shakespeare's plays well, dear," said little Mrs. Simpkins primly.

The Reading began. It was not very good. Faith and the Conductor were all right, of course, and Lady B. read Mercutio in so lively a manner it was quite difficult to believe she was an old lady rather on the plump side, and not a young gallant with a rapier and one ear-ring. But the rest of us were terrible, and I had so many oddments to read I was frequently answering myself.

When it came to the scene with the Nurse, little Mrs. Simpkins attacked it with spirit. "'I'll lay fourteen of my teeth, and yet, to my teen be it spoken I have but four,'" she read. "Poor old thing—I suppose they didn't have false teeth in those days."

"No," said the Conductor.

"Go on, Mrs. Simpkins, dear," said Lady B.

Little Mrs. Simpkins put on her spectacles again, glanced down the page, turned pink, laid down her book and said, "I can't possibly say this."

"Why not?" said Faith.

"It 's not at all *Nice*," said little Mrs. Simpkins, turning still pinker. "Now I know why my dear father never allowed me to study Shakespeare."

There was silence while we all read the Nurse's speech. Then the Admiral said, "She 's right, by Jove!"

"Bit near the knuckle, I must say," said Colonel Simpkins.

"It 's Shakespeare," said the Conductor.

"It 's disgusting," said little Mrs. Simpkins.

"Henrietta will read it," said Lady B.

"I won't," I said, getting nearly as red as little Mrs. Simpkins.

"Mrs. Savernack?"

"I would sooner die," said Mrs. Savernack simply, and Mrs. Admiral nodded her head in agreement.

"You 're all being rather silly," said Lady B. "I shall read the Nurse myself." She picked up her Shakespeare, put on her spectacles and opened her mouth. Then she put down her Shakespeare and took off her spectacles. "No," she said, "not in a drawing-room—no."

Then the door opened and Mrs. Whinebite glided into the room. Her eyes were staring and her breathing stertorous. "Here 's the smell of blood still," she moaned, "all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!"

"Except that we happen to be reading *Romeo and Juliet,*" said the Conductor.

But we couldn't help being impressed with Mrs. Whinebite's performance, and it turned out that she rather liked the rude bits of Shakespeare, so Lady B. asked her to take over the Nurse from little Mrs. Simpkins then and there.

Mrs. Whinebite is now a member of our Play-Reading Society and has changed her important Bridge Four to Wednesdays.

Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend,

HENRIETTA.

# Our Fashion Portfolio

By NORAH OWEN

## *In Party Mood*

INSPIRED with grace and gaiety for the Christmas party season is this hair-style by Alan Spiers, Berkeley Square. Fiona Campbell Walter has her shoulder-long, auburn hair formally dressed in lazy waves, scooped up high at the back into a softly-curled knot. The scroll feathers are fixed into a tiny comb which is placed in front of the knot. The pearl and diamond ear-rings are from Collingwood.

OUR

FASHION

PORTFOLIO

(continued)

# Christmas Party Hair Styles

*Below :*
All hair-styles this winter are slightly longer, which gives more scope for variety and decorative dressing. Jewelry, feathers, flowers and veiling all can be used to give extra glitter and glow to a pretty head. This style for a young girl has shorter sides, but the longer top hair is dressed high round a little coronet. By French of London, Curzon Place. The coronet is from French's Boutique.

*Above :*
Steiner, Grosvenor Street, calls this hair-style "Boomerang," and it is worn with a starred yashmak, crowned with a moon-white glamour-coil. The glamour-coil is obtainable in any colour or combination of colours. The hair, with a repeated "boomerang curl" motif at the back, is dusted with Steiner's "*Starmist*" to highlight the colour of the natural hair.

Hair that is slightly longer is brushed softly in ripple waves from a side-parting. A high, sweeping wave movement in front falls softly on the forehead. By André Bernard, Grafton Street, and now also of Norwich.

This beautifully-cut hair-style is perfect for a young head, sculptured as it is in a "discus," boyish style that will remain trim through the longest of parties. By Raymond, Grafton Street, Albemarle Street, and Knightsbridge.

# *Twenty-One Shopping Days to Christmas!*

W*HAT can I give her?* Why not a Gift Voucher, in black, red and white, cashable at the Salon of French of London? She can have a manicure, new hair-style, permanent wave or choose something from the Boutique. It is up to you. Vouchers are from 10s. 6d. upwards.

*Original.* A novel gift for a woman would be a box of cigars, made for women smokers by the House of Bewlay. She will be amused to try one, and having tried once will try again. "Romance" cigars, 5s. for ten.

*Unoriginal—but nice.* A handkerchief may sound dull, but it is always a very welcome gift, particularly one with the personal touch about it. Marshall and Snelgrove have a Library of handkerchief names from Ann (and Anne) to Zoë—the handkerchiefs in a fine linen and lawn mixture, the names in cut thread. Choose the names you want, and the price is 7s. 9d. each.

*A Birthday Scarf.* In honour of Sir Winston Churchill's 80th birthday, an attractive silk scarf has been designed. 35s. 9d. and 39s. 6d., from Harrods.

When in doubt as to what to give as a Christmas present, why not send a *Chequascutum*, or in other words, a gift token that can be exchanged at the London, Manchester or Liverpool branches of Aquascutum, to be put towards the purchase of a new coat, raincoat or suit. Complete with a Christmas card, the chequascutums are sold from 4 gns. (the price of a man's waistcoat) upwards.

*Glamour in the Bath.* For any woman of any age, from seventeen (and younger) to seventy (and older)—an Elizabeth Arden Bath Kit. Luxurious preparations for use in and around the bath, including a tooth-brush and flannel, are packed in a pink-and-white candy-striped toilet box, price 5½ gns.

*Building a Library.* For a godchild or favourite niece or nephew, why not start a library? Better Books, 92, Charing Cross Road, for a Bankers' Draft of £12 a year or more, will select a number of books each year that will build up into a library the child can be proud of when he or she is grown up.

*For the Dressing-table.* However useful they are (and they couldn't be more so), face tissues in their cardboard packets look unsightly on a dressing-table. Debenham and Freebody have attractive box covers for them, in plywood, covered with chintz, in various shades, that would be decorative in any bedroom. Price 25s.

*And—no woman will say "no" to Nylons!*

OUR FASHION

# Twice One

TWO-WAY DRESSES, BASED ON
DRESS, ARE THE ANSWER TO THE
ALL DAY AND WILL "GO ON"

*Left :*
A beautifully-tailored pinafore dress in firm black wool, with a button-through bodice, moulded waist and softly-pleated skirt. Over a pastel, three-quarter-sleeved sweater, the two-way dress is perfect all-the-day-through winter wear. Worn without the sweater, the dress becomes charmingly suitable for cocktails, dining or informal dancing. From Jaeger, the pinafore dress costs 22½ gns., and the sweater 59s. 6d.

PORTFOLIO (contd.)

# Are Two

OUR OLD FRIEND THE "PINAFORE" PROBLEM OF WHAT CAN BE WORN SUCCESSFULLY IN THE EVENING.

*Right :*
Another two-way dress, reed-slim, in nobbly tweed, belted, with a large patch pocket on the hip. The three-quarter sleeves and wide neckline are bound with black wool jersey, and a black ruched jersey blouse fits snugly under the dress, leaving, when removed, a svelte after-six dress, in the mood of the moment. Ready-to-wear, at Jacqmar, this two-into-one costs 26½ gns.

Denis Hughes-Gilbey.

A flattering and feminine blouse, in black velvet, with a wide neckline, edged with grosgrain, cap-sleeves and brilliant buttons. A "Valerie" blouse by Malcolm Rowe, price 69s. 6d., from Peter Jones.

## OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO (continued)

★

# Elegant Economy

THE blouse, worn simply as a blouse, has made a welcome return to the fashion scene, and with the current popularity of separates for evening wear, *decollete* blouses, in pretty fabrics, add glamour to any party.

*Right :*
In more sophisticated mood, a sleeveless blouse in white grosgrain. This blouse has a low, wide, flat collar-band, fastening with this season's fashion motif, the ubiquitous buckle. By London Pride, this blouse, which is also obtainable in black, costs about 79s. 6d., from Eve, Old Brompton Road.

*Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Denis Hughes-Gilbey.*

# Christmas means . . .

# JAEGER

GO TO YOUR NEAREST JAEGER OR JAEGER HOUSE 204/206 REGENT STREET W.1

Mrs. Toby O'Brien danced with Mr. Walter Hutton.

Miss Fiona Macrae-Taylor (*left*) arrived with Miss Jo Whitley in a 1911 Renault.

# THE G.B. CAR CLUB REUNION

MORE than a hundred competitors and their friends attended the Second Reunion Dinner-Dance of the London-Languedoc-Sète Rally, sponsored by the G.B. Car Club. This was held at the Hyde Park Hotel with Mr. Dudley Noble as chairman. After the dinner and dancing, raffles and auctions were held and the proceeds from these went to the Greater London Fund for the Blind.

*Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Van Hallan.*

Mrs. Easton congratulated Miss Rosemary Whitton (*right*), a singer who entertained the party.

Mr. Richard Mellor (*left*), Mrs. Judy Coombs, Mr. Geoffrey Mills, and Mrs. P. W. Gough studied photographs of the Rally.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Lewis (*left*) were received by Colonel G. L. Portham, Organising Secretary of the Rally, and Mrs. Portham.

Miss Dorothy Sarson (*left*), Mrs. Heather Coats, Mr. Michael Sheeres, Mrs. L. W. Thornton, Mr. J. H. T. Fletcher the Club Secretary, and Mr. A. D. Bourne.

*Left to right:* Mr. Clifford Whitley, Mrs. Frank Burton, Miss Jo Whitley, Mrs. Clifford Whitley (the former Elsa Macfarlane), and Mr. Frank Burton.

The famous 3½ litre 'D' TYPE JAGUAR with Dunlop disc brakes, now joins the Jaguar range

*The*

# JAGUAR

*Range of Models for 1955*

THE TYPE 'M' MARK VII 3½ LITRE SALOON

*In the 1955 range of models Jaguar present not only added refinements but mechanical advances directly derived from unrivalled international experience in racing, record-breaking and endurance tests.*

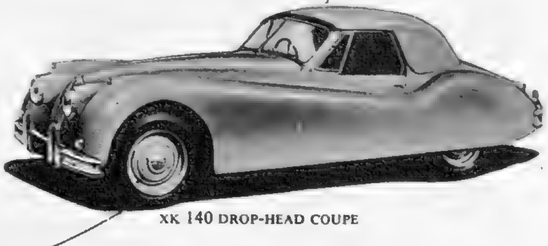
XK 140 FIXED-HEAD 2-3 SEATER

The elegant lines of the Mark VII remain unchanged in the type 'M' but the famous XK engine now with high-lift cams has power output raised to 190 b.h.p. providing enhanced performance with characteristic smoothness and silence. Increased diameter torsion bars give even greater riding comfort. New 'wrap-around' bumpers afford extra protection. Flasher type indicators, individually adjustable fog lamps and rear lights incorporating reflectors are among new features.

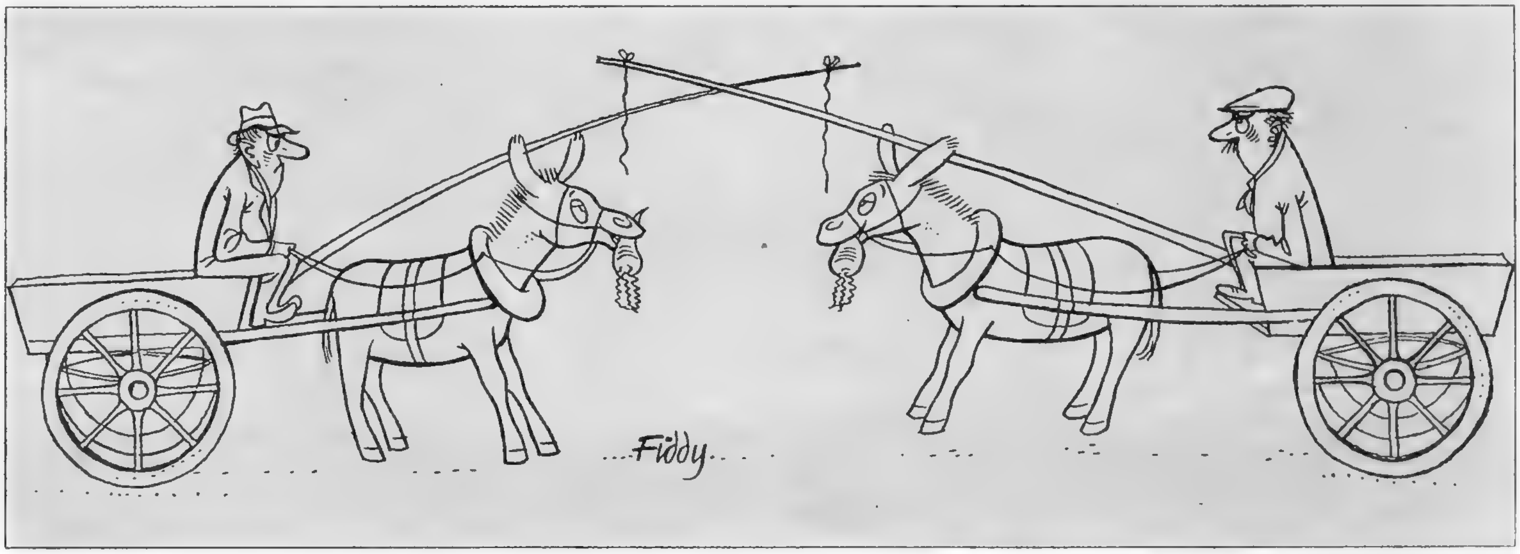
Sports models for 1955 include the famous Jaguar "D" type with Dunlop disc brakes and dry sump lubrication. The XK 140 Fixed-Head close-coupled 2-3 seater, the XK 140 Drop-Head Coupe (now with two extra seats for children) and the XK 140 Open 2-seater are powered by the XK 3½ litre engine now with high-lift cams—developing 190 b.h.p. (Special equipment models are fitted with "C" type engines, wire wheels and fog lamps). New features include:—Rack and pinion steering; increased diameter torsion bars; oil ignition coil; robust 'wrap-around' bumpers; re-designed radiator grille, etc.

XK 140 OPEN 2-SEATER

**See them at your dealer's to-day**



XK 140 DROP-HEAD COUPE




# LET US HAVE MAIN ROADS WORTHY OF THE NAME

**MOTORING with WILLIAM HARTLEY**

THE state of motoring in this country at the moment cannot be described as happy by any manner of means. In fact, I would go so far as to say that motoring is at the most critical moment since the move to abolish the red flag.

Let us consider some of the facts. There are more than 2,500,000 private cars. There are 1,000,000 motor-cycles. There are some 8,000,000 holders of driving licences. The volume of traffic increases month by month and the chaos of the traffic jam in London and large provincial cities and on coast routes at holiday time is getting worse and worse.

The motor industry in its wisdom has announced schemes to expand amounting to £120,000,000. This will increase the output from the factories, and the manufacturers, when asked where all these extra cars are to be sold, will answer that many more will be sold here in this country. They rightly point out that with the increase in the standard of living more and more people will become motorists. And, since the Chancellor of the Exchequer suggests we may well double our standard of living in the next twenty-five years, it is easy to see how many cars we shall have on the road by 1980, for it can safely be concluded that beyond those who now own cars there are countless thousands who intend to do so just as soon as they can afford it.

So we accept the fact that quite soon the chaos of traffic will get worse.

BUT what of the present? For now is the crucial time when things are happening to motoring, serious things which must be combated as strongly as possible.

Motoring provides the Exchequer with over a million pounds a day through taxation—including 2*s.* 6*d.* per gallon on petrol, over and above our road fund licence. Surely the people who pay this deserve some benefit from it. Mr. Gresham-Cooke, the Director of the S.M.M.T., has pointed out recently that a mere fraction of the sum paid would clear the country's black-spots where most accidents happen. And he proved his case with figures which showed a financial gain for the country without taking into account the loss of life!

We read of parking meters proudly exhibited in London for municipal authorities to think about. We read of one town council that is considering charging those council-house dwellers who are forced to keep their cars in the road. Both call for the strongest opposition.

On all sides, motoring is being attacked. I repeat that motoring is at the cross-roads. If we are to retain our civil liberty and to continue to enjoy using our cars as and when we wish, then the time has come to exert every energy to see that we are free to do so.

The motoring organisations, the A.A., the R.A.C. and the R.S.A.C., are no doubt well aware of all this. Further, they are active and doing what they can to combat this restriction and this burden of taxation. But they need both support and prodding! If ever there was a time when motoring should be organised, it is now. Those who are not members of one club or another should think of this and consider joining. Then, in company with all the other members, they should jockey their clubs along to strong action. And beyond that, any motorist who feels as I do should take personal steps to fight the battle.

Surrounded by petty restrictions, threatened with restrictions more serious, hemmed in by traffic due to inadequate roads, and heavily taxed, motorists can surely now make their combined voices heard. Because unless we do, we shall go under and our cars will become useless and too costly to run.

When the head of London Transport sees fit to suggest that cars should keep out of the Central London area, I think he has far exceeded his right. When he can carry the existing passengers, he will have some right to speak. When I stay with friends in a London suburb, I have either to get a lift to the station or face half-an-hour's wait for a bus. And I can assure Sir John Elliott that it was just the same twenty years ago when I lived at that spot.

NOW, what do we all demand? We demand a great road scheme throughout the country, giving us main roads worthy of the name. We demand adequate parking facilities in all the towns and cities, which vigorous action could provide and which would be self-supporting in a short time. We demand that less of the burden of taxation should fall on those who own cars and who use them for business as well as pleasure. We demand that all the accident black-spots are cleaned up forthwith, instead of there being so much official talk about the cost of accidents.

None of these things is impossible. If a war made any of them necessary, then they would be done at once. Well, let there be a war, declared by motorists upon the Governments and Ministries and Authorities who see fit to ignore such a great portion of the population of the country.

Just why this has never become an election issue I do not know, because it is of ample consequence. The British Road Federation, which represents hundreds of vehicle-using firms and trade organisations, has plans which could solve most of our problems. Let us all join in and add our single voices to those already doing their best. Only when we do that, and do it loudly, shall we get results.

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| CHAMONIX | 10. 1 am | KITZBUHEL | 2.37 pm |
| LA CLUSAZ | 9. 5 am | LECH | 12.25 pm |
| MEGEVE | 9.20 am | ST. ANTON | 11.33 am |
| MORZINE | 9.50 am | ZELL AM SEE | 3.33 pm |
| VAL D'ISERE | 10.30 am | | |

| ... SWITZERLAND | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| ANDERMATT | 11. 5 am | KLOSTERS | 10. 0 am |
| DAVOS | 10.35 am | MURREN | 11.10 am |
| ENGELBERG | 10.42 am | PONTRESINA | 11.57 am |
| GRINDELWALD | 10.48 am | ST. MORITZ | 11.45 am |
| GSTAAD | 10.14 am | WENGEN | 10.49 am |
| KANDERSTEG | 10.19 am | ZERMATT | 11.17 am |

*Via Folkestone-Calais (Short Sea Route)*

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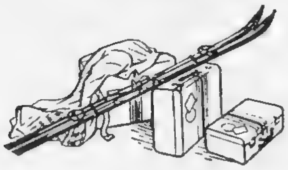

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*Jamaica's and Havana's Best Cigars*

The same fine quality Havana wrappers are used for both brands of cigars.

*Make sure of YOUR*

# HENNESSY

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*this Christmas!*

Nylon in your socks—for choice. Nylon that can take hard wear in its stride; that can blend with wool to advantage. Go in for socks with nylon—your nearest shop will have them.

# Nothing like nylon for socks

**WEARS LONGER**

**RESISTS SHRINKING**

**NEEDS LITTLE OR NO DARNING**

***(Nylon stands up to rubbing better than any other fibre)***

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—hardest wearing of all. Choose from:
SPUN NYLON—Looks and feels like wool.
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A proportion of nylon (up to 50%) is blended with the wool in the yarn. The finished sock has the good points of both.

**Nylon Spliced**

Rub-points at toes and heels are reinforced with nylon. High splicing above the heels gives still greater protection.

BRITISH NYLON SPINNERS LTD., PONTYPOOL, MON.

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# The Englishman's* Guide to Smirnoff Vodka

The Island Race are among the world's most discerning drinkers. They are, however, notably conservative in their tastes, preferring to stick to what they know than experiment with alien beverages of doubtful potency. Believing, however, that Englishmen* should share in the pleasures of cocktail imbibers in other lands, we gladly provide a few facts about the world-famous Smirnoff Vodka.

| | |
|---|---|
| **1. Smirnoff Vodka is a smooth palatable drink, no stronger than your Gin, Whisky or Rum.** | **3. Smirnoff Vodka makes a most attractive drink taken straight "à la Russe," especially when accompanied by savouries.** |
| **2. Smirnoff Vodka is today one of America's most popular drinks, where it is used as the blending spirit for new and established cocktails as well as for long drinks.** | **4. Smirnoff Vodka is made in this country according to the traditional recipe used by Pierre Smirnoff, purveyor of Vodka to the Imperial Court of Russia.** |

Try Smirnoff instead of Gin in your favourite cocktail. Try a VODKATINI (Smirnoff Vodka and Vermouth mixed in your favourite proportions) and a SCREWDRIVER (Smirnoff Vodka and Orange Juice).

**To say nothing of the Scots, the Welsh and those of the Irish whose pleasures know no frontier.*

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL GOOD WINE MERCHANTS, CLUBS AND BARS

Ste. Pierre Smirnoff Fls., Oval Rd., Regents Park, London, N.W.1. Sole distributors in U.K., W. & A. Gilbey, Ltd

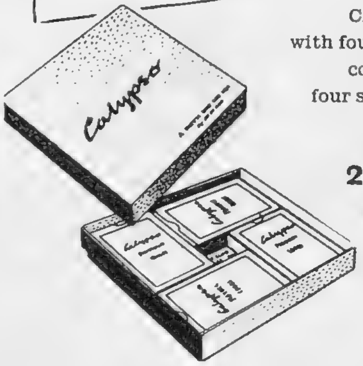
# WHAT IS THIS GAME

# Calypso?

***IT'S SOCIETY'S NEWEST CARD GAME—***

Kenneth Konstam writes: "It will appeal to Bridge players, to Canasta players and to the large number of card players who have long been searching for a game in which the ingredients of luck and skill are carefully apportioned".

**THE IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT**




CALYPSO is played by four players with four packs of cards. The attractive set also contains a table layout diagram and four suit indicators. Two books of rules and score cards are included.

**25/- the set. Buy CALYPSO at all leading Stationers.**

**THOMAS DE LA RUE & CO. LTD.,**
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# DECEMBER

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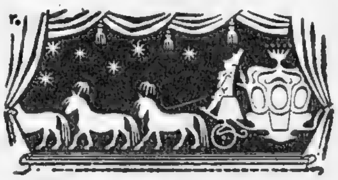
When, at Christmas time, the six little Shetland ponies—so glossy, so bedizened, so demure—draw into our view the marvellous and gleaming coach of Cinderella, does anybody think about mice? No. When Hamlet, like a spin bowler fingering the new ball, bends upon the skull in his hand a pregnant, speculative glance, we are acutely aware of Yorick, and beyond the omelette which the clever conjuror produces from his hat we inescapably apprehend the gold watches which were—as far as any of us could see—its principal ingredients. But the little ponies somehow atrophy our sense of the dramatic. We think of them only as ponies. Our imaginations do not even toy with the interesting fact that they are, *au fond*, mice.
It is quite right that this should be so; for although children are stern realists the pantomime is an escapist institution, and once they begin to see through its odd but conventional illusions—to notice that the Principal Boy is a girl and the Ugly Sisters are men, to point out to each other the wires upon which the fairies levitate—it is a sign that they are getting too old for this type of entertainment. Next year we shall have to try and find something rather more grown-up. As far as they are concerned, the ponies (or, if you prefer it, the mice) will go into cold storage until—by a metamorphosis at present even harder to believe in—the children are transformed into parents themselves.



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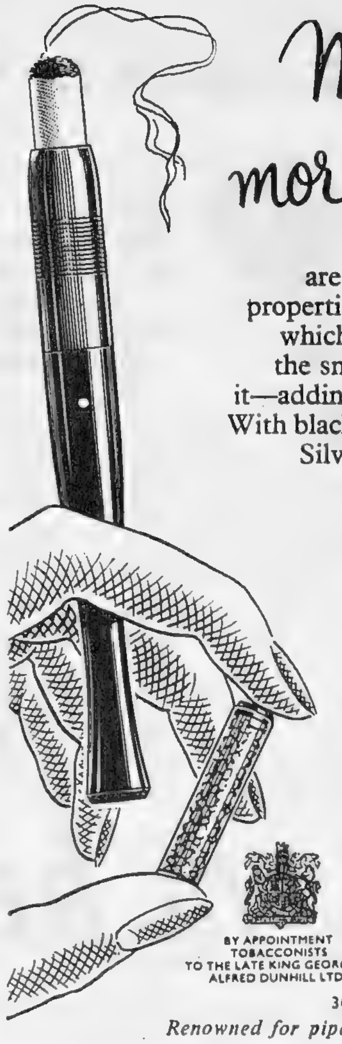

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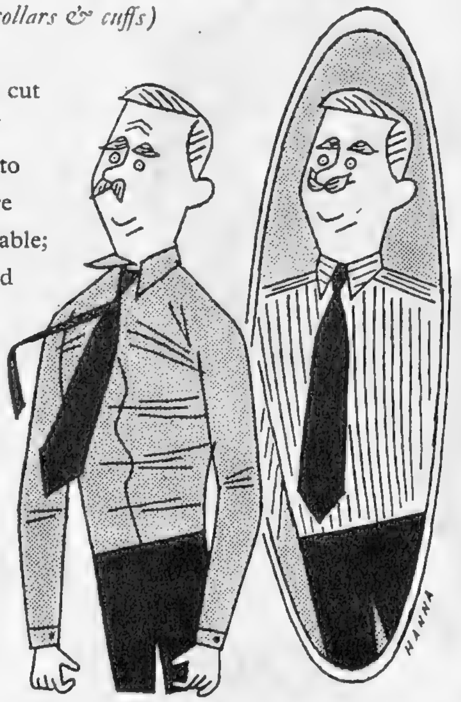


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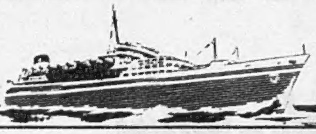

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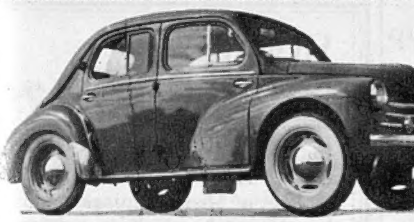

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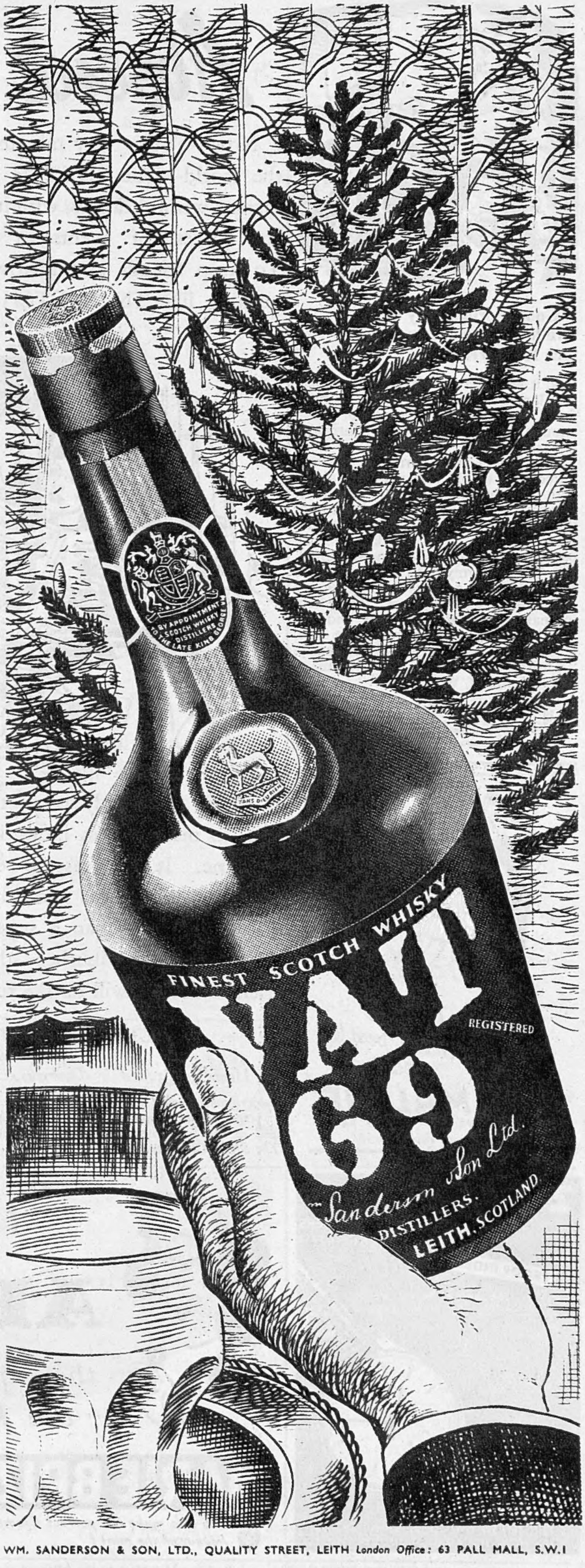


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